

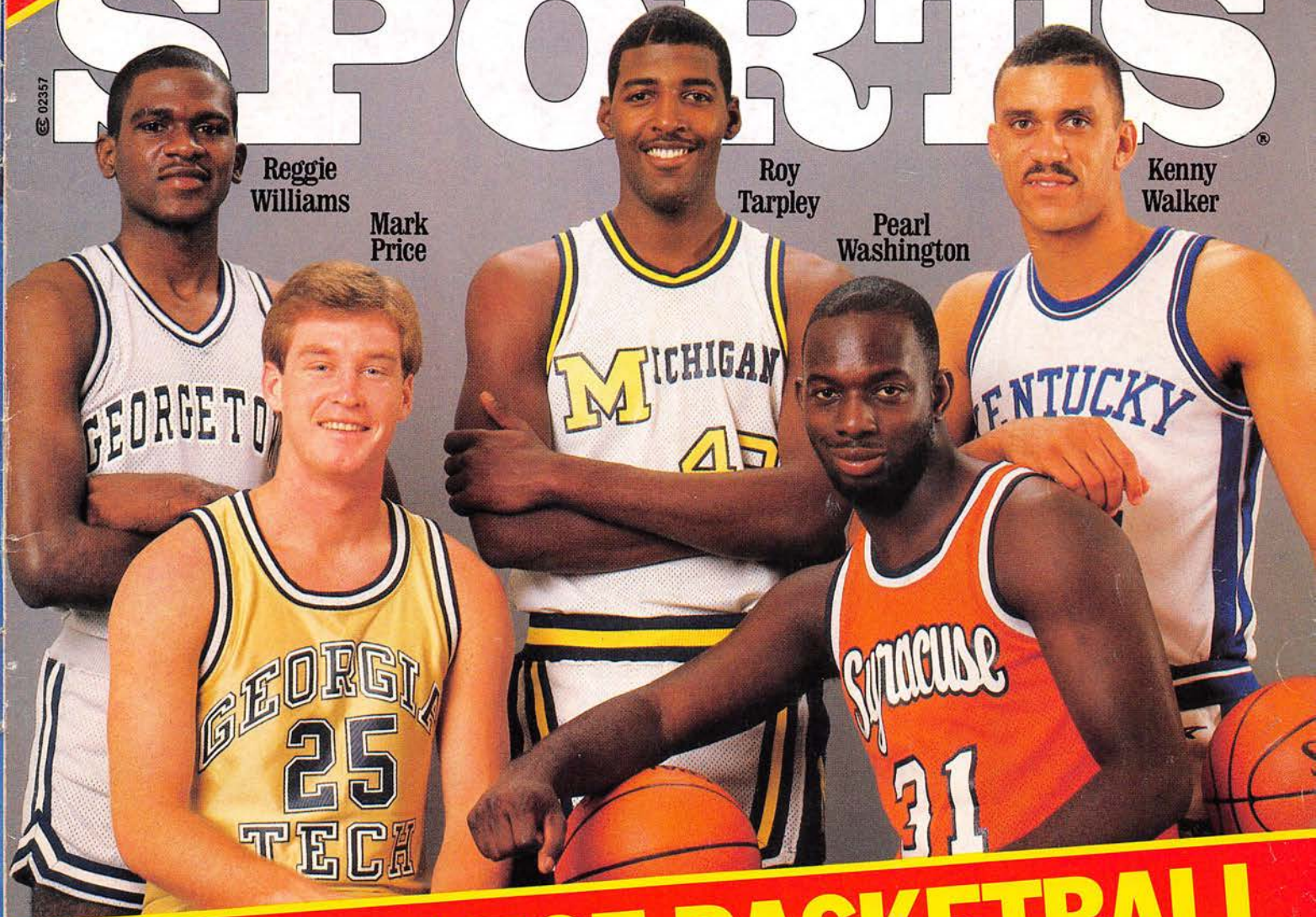
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BASKETBALL
Preview Issue

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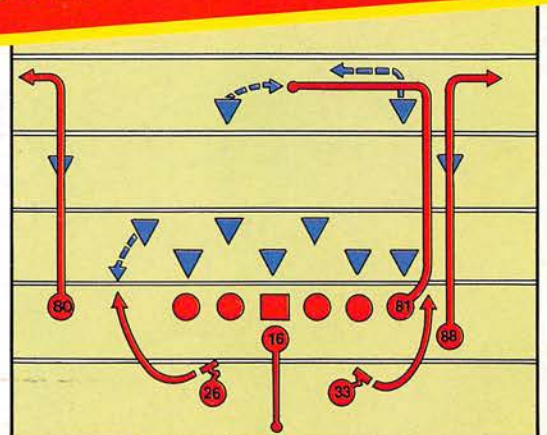
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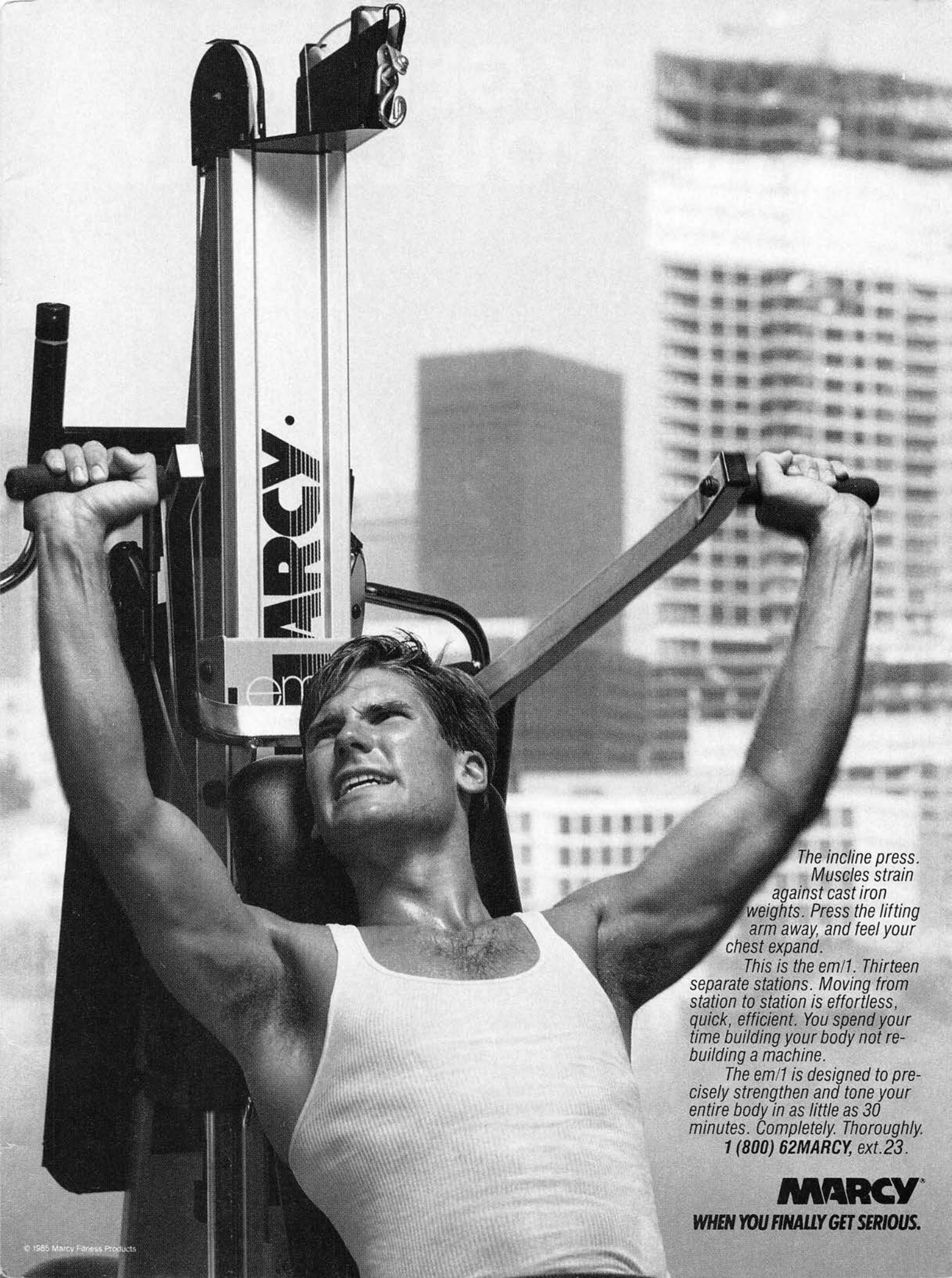
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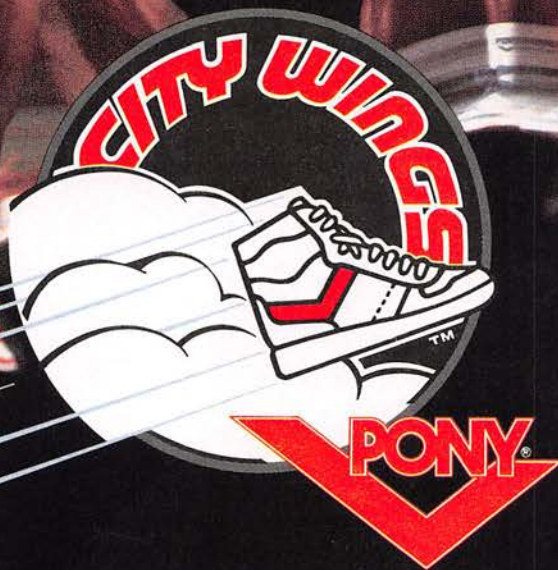
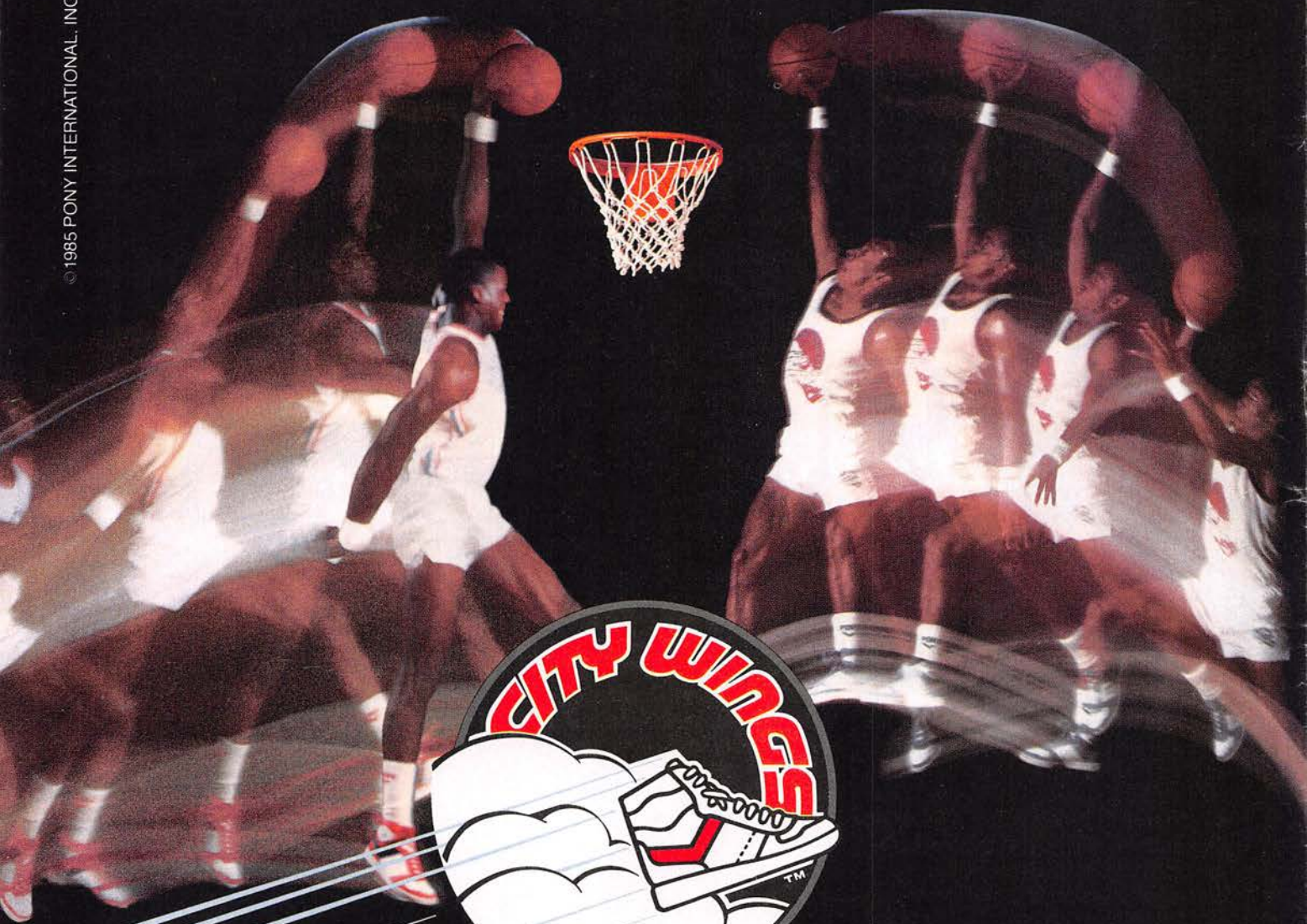
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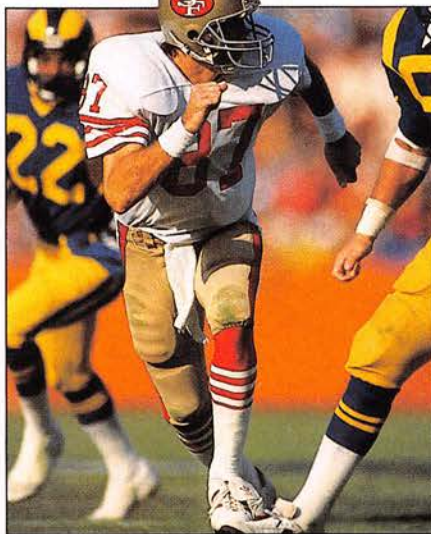


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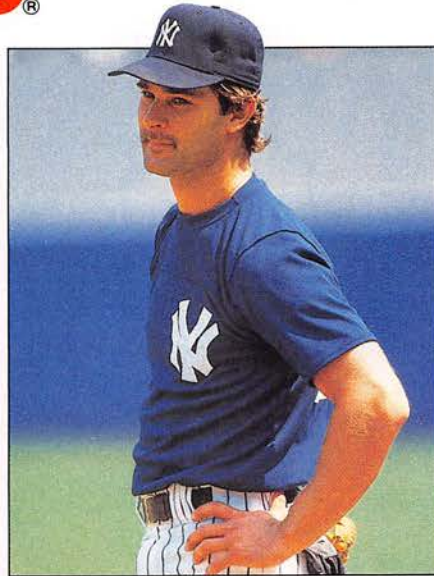
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SELF-PROMOTION

How To Make a Dynamite Poster—But You Gotta Like Snakes

NEW ENGLAND PATRIOTS OFFENSIVE TACKLE DARRYL Haley has seen the handsome color posters put out by the athletic shoe companies the last several years. And, like most of us, he sometimes pictured himself the subject of such a poster. But unlike most of us, the 6'4", 275-pound University of Utah graduate decided to take it one step further—the fourth-year pro decided to get a poster made of himself.

He went to Dan Hutch, the vice president of Evans Communications, Inc., one of the most successful advertising firms in Salt Lake City, Darryl's offseason home. "Darryl and I didn't really know one another," Hutch said. "He mentioned in the office to everyone that he wanted to have an unusual poster done. We all simply laughed. And then one day Darryl and I had lunch together, and he said he wanted to have a poster like the kind in the sneaker ads. I thought he was still joking, but once I saw that he was serious, we started to talk.

"We kicked around different ideas because Darryl really didn't have a nickname worth putting on a poster," added Hutch. "We talked about a photo of him on a motorcycle, but decided that that was not the image we wanted. We talked about the picture of him with a lion or a panther, but that's been done before.

"And then one of us mentioned a python—and that was it."

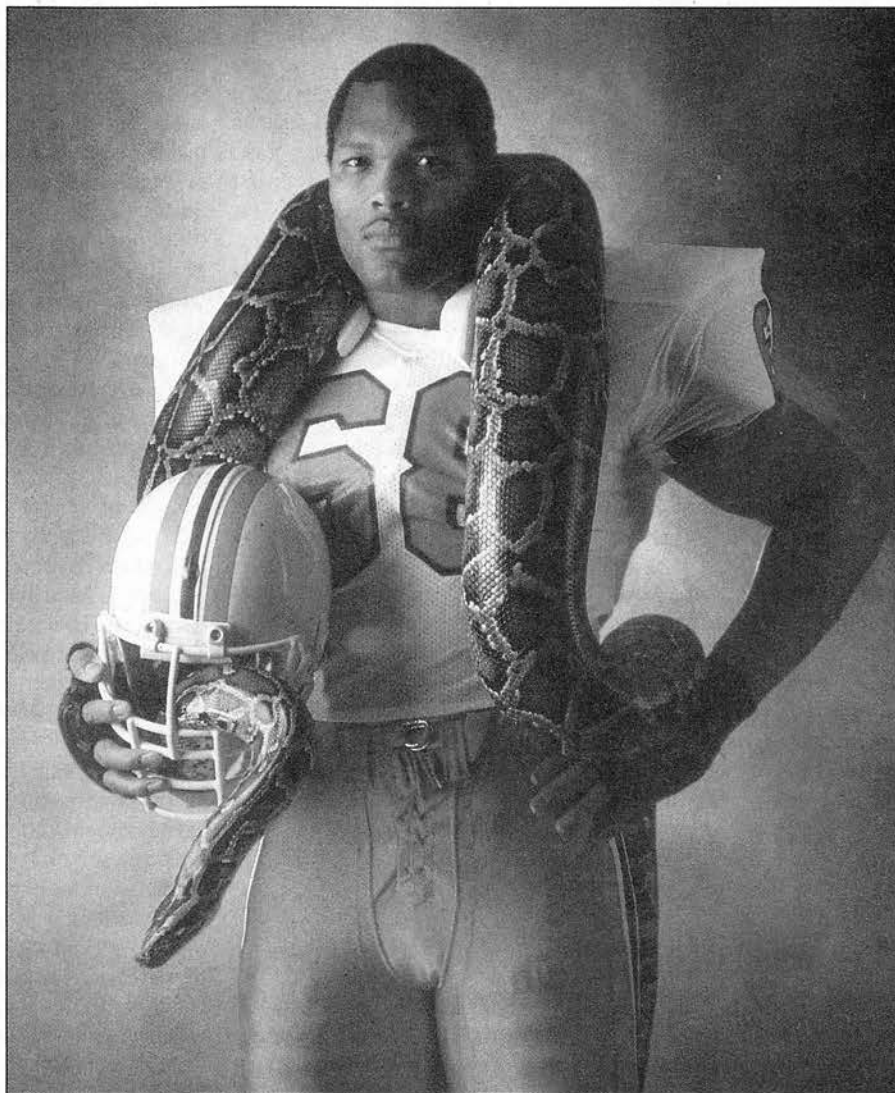
Haley recalls the discussion: "I wasn't quite sure what I wanted until after that meeting I had with Dan. I did know, however, that I wanted something eerie, something powerful and hard."

Hutch went right to work on the idea. He called a photographer who had done work with him—James Scherzi of Syracuse, N.Y. Scherzi said he knew a guy who had pythons, a Mr. Joe (Snakebite) Price of Whitesboro, N.Y. And then a printer—Midstate Printing Corporation of Syracuse—was found that would print the 3,500-plus posters at cost.

"Two weeks after Darryl and I had lunch together to go over the idea, we were flying to Syracuse for the photos," remarked Hutch.

Three pythons were brought in by Price, each about 15 feet long, each about 10 inches thick, and each weighing about 120 pounds. More than one python was brought in because Price was worried about how his snakes would react to the four-hour shooting session, with its bright lights, flashing strobes, and smoke being blown from a machine against a bright red background—not to mention this huge football player in full uniform.

"He [Price] couldn't assure me that I would not get bit by one of the pythons in the shooting session," said Haley, who had to work in 10- to 15-minute intervals because of the weight of the snake around his neck. "Only one snake was used, after all, in the session—a



'Are you sure Snake Stabler started like this?' wonders Haley.

pregnant one that seemed almost to be asleep half the time."

Haley, who had worn his college pants, his Patriots jersey, and a white helmet he had bought at a sporting goods store for the poster session, said it took him about 20 minutes to become fully comfortable with the python.

By the way, you might like to know that Haley did, indeed, avoid being bitten by the snake. You might also like to know that Haley gave many of the posters to shoe stores around Salt Lake City for customers to have free of charge.

One more thing before we leave this story: Darryl (Python) Haley is now seriously considering buying his own 15-foot long, 10-inch thick, 120-pound snake. Seriously.

LIFE AFTER HOCKEY

Potvin Fashions an Off-Ice Career



Denny's dressed to kill.

NEW YORK ISLANDERS captain Denis Potvin has seen a few fashion photo sessions in his day—his wife Valerie is a model with the prestigious Zoli Agency in New York. But this time it was the seven-time NHL All-Star in front of the camera, sporting the uniform he wears during the off-season as a stockbroker for the Manhattan firm of Cushman & Wakefield. Potvin hopes to parlay his Madison Avenue looks into endorsement contracts off the ice, while on the ice he's looking to pass Bobby Orr this season (entering the season Potvin trailed Orr by 15 points) to move into first

place on the NHL's all-time scoring list for defensemen. "The photo session was great," says the 31-year-old Islander, "although I can appreciate a little more the effort that Val puts into her work. It's certainly not as easy as it looks. I think I've got a few more hits left before I pursue the modeling full time."

... AND BETWEEN SEASONS

Beck Tends To Neighborhood Kids' Needs

NEW YORK'S "OTHER" DEFENSEMAN, RANGERS CAPTAIN Barry Beck, exchanged his hockey stick for a swizzle stick when he donned a bartender's apron in New York's Sporting Club. Beck was tending bar for United Neighborhood Houses, New York's federation of 36 settlement houses. Tips and a percentage of bar receipts were donated to the settlements, which have been hurt by government cutbacks in funding.

The 28-year-old Vancouver native has been a staunch supporter of the settlements since he began sponsoring a program three years ago in which children from the settlement houses have the opportunity to attend Rangers games. "I have a responsibility to these kids," Beck says, recalling his own troubled past. As a youngster in Vancouver he fell in with a bad crowd. "We used to steal things so we could have a good time. . . . I care about these kids and I identify with them. If I hadn't been given the opportunity to play hockey by

someone who cared [Beck's junior hockey coach Ernie McLean], who knows where I'd be today."

CONTENDERS

Shuler Has the 'Philadelphia Experience'

THEY WERE CALLED the "Philadelphia Middleweights" and they flourished in the division in the mid-'70s. But as good as they were, none was able to capture a world title. Now, in the 1980s, comes the latest outstanding Philadelphia middleweight—and this one has his sights firmly set on a championship.

"I grew up watching those great Philadelphia middleweights," says 26-year-old James Shuler, 22-0 and ranked No. 1 in the division. "Guys like Boogaloo Watts, Cyclone Hart, Willie Monroe, and Bennie Briscoe. It was even more exciting for me when I finally got a chance to work with them in the ring. I had the basics, but working with the old Philadelphia pros, I learned new techniques. I worked with Watts and Monroe and Briscoe, and you could really learn a lot from those guys. They're really tricky."

Shuler will get a chance to show what he's learned on November 14 at Caesars Palace in Las Vegas when he takes on Thomas Hearns.

Shuler's fascination with boxing began at the age of nine and carried him to a berth on the 1980 Olympic team. The boycott of the Games by the United States cost him his chance at a gold medal and the lucrative contract that would have inevitably followed.

"I was a swimmer when I was very young," Shuler recalls. "I lived about five blocks from Joe Frazier's gym in Philadelphia. One day, we were coming home from swimming practice and we stopped to look in. We saw Smokin' Joe inside and we got all excited. We went in and asked how we could become boxers. He told us to come back the next day, and pretty soon my brother and I were regulars."

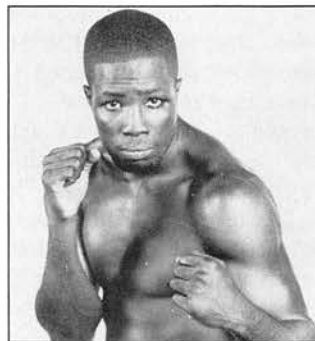
Shuler, blessed with speed and quick reflexes, caught on instantly.

"My mother was against it at first, but we thought it was fun," says Shuler. "My brother won a trophy and we all wanted one. I had my first fight when I was 10 and I won a trophy. My mom still had trouble handling it. When I fought, she would hide in the ladies' room until it was over and someone came to get her."

After compiling a 168-7 amateur record with 102 knockouts, Shuler turned pro in 1980 under Frazier, but left after a few months to join promoter Butch Lewis. Shuler, however, recently signed with Philadelphia promoter Joe Hand.

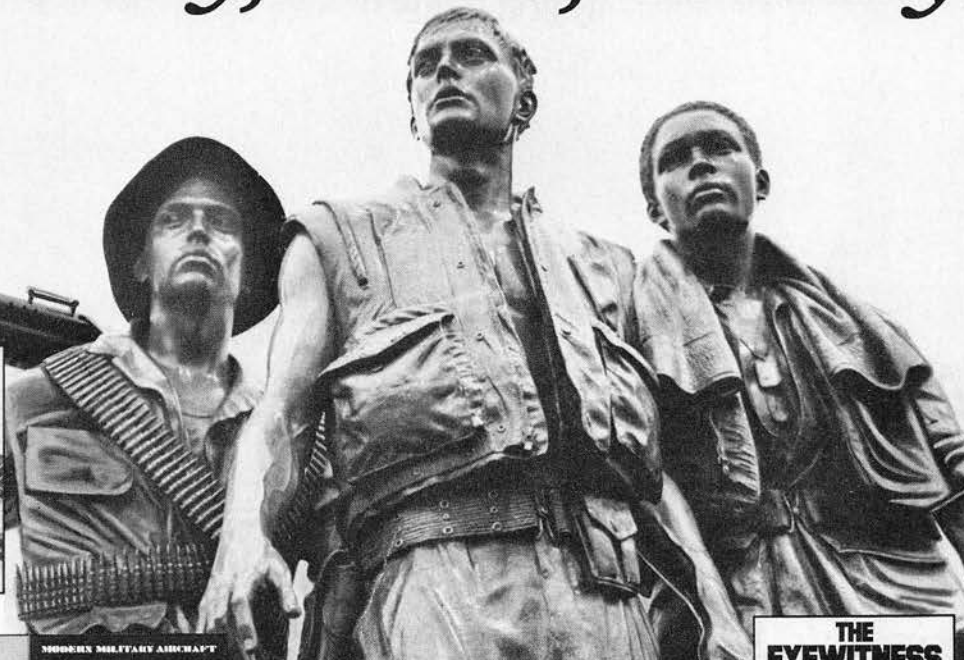
"I left Butch because I just wasn't getting enough work," Shuler explains. "I'd ask him to get me fights and it all seemed to revolve around [world light-heavyweight champion] Michael Spinks. Michael wasn't fighting either, and I felt I just wasn't getting any experience."

And what does Shuler think of his chances of winning the middleweight crown? "I have a lot of weapons. I can fight right-handed and I can fight left-handed and I have good size at 6'1". I feel I have the experience—the Philadelphia experience—to beat guys like Thomas Hearns and Marvin Hagler." ■



Shuler's sights are set.

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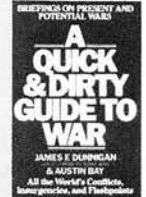
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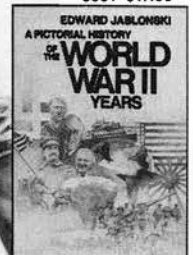
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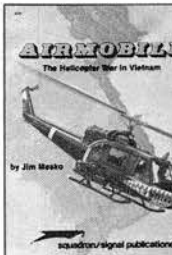
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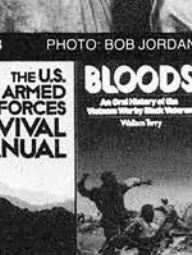
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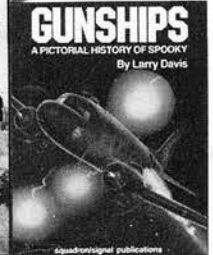
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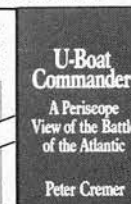
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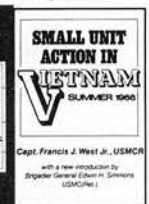
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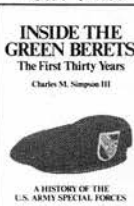
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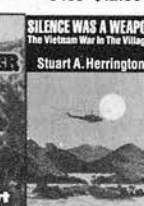
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By BOB RUBIN

Marty Glickman: Analyzing the Analysts

MARTY GLICKMAN MADE THE mistake of wearing his dark blue Dutch ship's captain's hat while broadcasting a game between the Buffalo Bills and New York Jets for NBC last December. It gave his pupils a juicy target, and they gleefully unloaded.

"Next time, Marty, take the limo with you," suggested whippersnapper Bob Costas, a typical smart-guy remark from him.

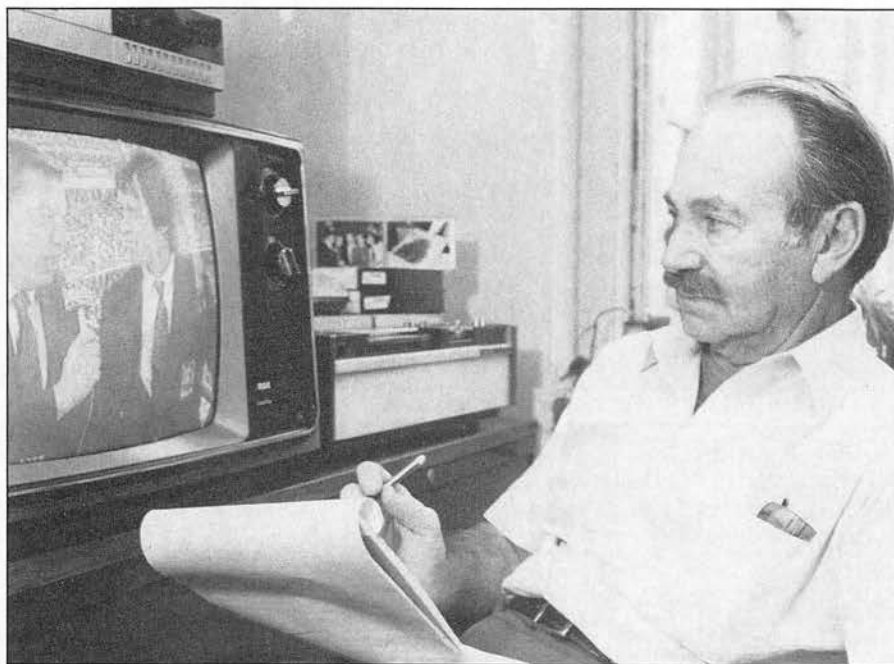
Glickman is 68. Doesn't Costas respect his elders? Bet your boots he does, especially this one. All the rips were made with great affection, mock revenge for the critiques Glickman has made of them. At NBC Sports, they love the man they call "Coach."

Glickman has achieved a unique status in the business, the culmination of a long and distinguished career behind the mike. A standout football player and sprinter at Syracuse University, Glickman was the first jock to make a national name as a broadcaster, becoming an institution in New York for 29 years as the voice of the Knicks, Giants, and later the Jets, before retiring in 1978 to devote his time to sailing on Long Island Sound and points south.

He'd probably be sailing yet, making more runs from New York to Miami aboard his 35-foot yawl, had it not been for a query by Merlin Olsen.

Olsen is now considered John Madden's only competition among pro football analysts, but back in 1977, when he began his NBC broadcasting career, Olsen didn't know a mike from a hike.

"I asked if there was a training program, and they looked at me as if I had asked a question in a foreign language," Olsen recalled. "When they said no, I asked if there was at least someone to work with new commentators to help them learn the business, and again it was as if I spoke in a foreign tongue. The whole year, nobody picked up a



'I tell them they can accept everything I have to say or none of it,' says 'Coach' Glickman. 'They accept me because they all realize that I'm no threat to them.'

pen or even a telephone to tell me what I was doing right or wrong."

The standard network response to how am I doing was "great job."

"That's all they say: 'Great job,'" said another NBC jock-turned-broadcaster, Bob Trumpy. "It got to the point where it was difficult to trust people who were in charge of my career because that's all I heard."

Sometimes, it was "great job" right up until the ax fell, as it did on many former big-name athletes who couldn't hack it in the booth, either because they didn't have the ability or the training. Fred Williamson, Jim Brown, Johnny Unitas, and Mean Joe Greene come to mind, just to name four. It seems ludicrous for a network to put a man on the

air only for his name value, then let him sink or swim without any help at all, but that was standard practice. Unitas accurately likened it to taking a network executive, putting him at quarterback in the NFL, and teeing it up.

But Olsen's complaint fell upon the receptive ears of NBC's dynamic young executive producer Mike Weisman, whose rise in the business was based largely on not accepting the status quo. Weisman saw that Olsen had an excellent point, so he cast about for a broadcasting tutor, someone to analyze the analysts. Born and raised in New York, Weisman thought of Glickman, who had kept a hand in the business doing radio broadcasts of University of Connecticut football and basketball games.

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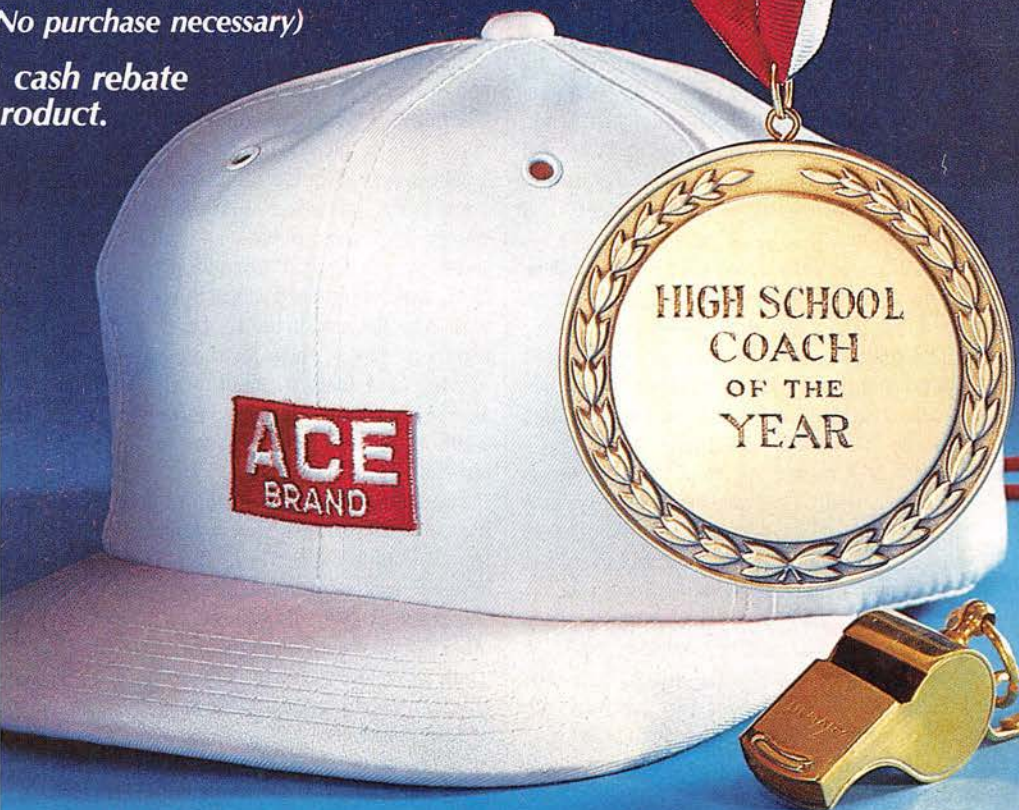
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\$4000.00—1st prize awarded to eight regional High Schools in the coach's name. (Regions are: 1. Northeast, 2. Southeast, 3. Midwest, 4. Middle Atlantic, 5. Southwest, 6. Plains States, 7. West, 8. Northwest.) The proceeds are to be apportioned \$500 each to their respective school scholarship funds.

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9. No substitution in prizes or cash will be allowed. 10. Prizes won by a minor will be awarded in the name of the parent or legal guardian. 11. The winners, and any persons accompanying the winners (where applicable) may be requested to sign an affidavit of eligibility and release. Winners agree to allow use of their name and likeness for publicity purposes without further compensation. 12. Liability for any applicable Federal, State or other taxes will be the sole responsibility of the individual winners. Contest is subject to all Federal, State and local laws and regulations. Void where prohibited by law. 13. For a list of the top nine winners, enclose a self-addressed, stamped envelope with entry. 14. Entries will be judged on originality, expression and content and may not exceed 25 words. 15. This contest is open to any resident of the United States over the age of 14 except the employees of Becton Dickinson and Company or its advertising agencies, judging agencies and members of their immediate families.



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It has proved an inspired innovation and an inspired choice to implement it. The NBC brass and broadcasters are delighted with Glickman, and vice versa. He says it keeps him young and gives him an opportunity to use his experience to help others. The mentor role is not new to him. Over the years, he helped break in Frank Gifford, Marv Albert, Bud Palmer, Al DeRogatis, Sam Huff, and Sugar Ray Leonard.

Now he has a whole staff to work with, and the staff is throwing bouquets at its coach.

"After playing football for 15 years, I was accustomed to having a coach watch films and critique my on-the-field performance," said Bob Griese, who has blossomed in the booth, thanks in large measure to Glickman's input. "Marty offers a great deal of constructive criticism that has proved to be a tremendous boost to my growth as an analyst.

"I think his position has been needed at the networks for a long time. He's a guru to go to and ask, 'Did I do well?' I always learned from my mistakes, but Marty will also tell you the things you did right, things you can build on."

And it's not only the ex-jocks who have benefited from Glickman's advice, but also established pros like Costas and Charlie Jones.

"Marty, who was one of my boyhood idols, helped me isolate preparation as my strength," Costas said. "In doing so, he emphasized that without proper pacing, the value could be lost. He's taught me that when I offer two good anecdotes properly and then force a third, I'm running the risk of reducing the impact of all three."

Glickman reviewed a game Jones had worked and gently pointed out he had failed to give the time and score frequently enough. Jones checked it out, agreed, and thanked him.

You might think a man with Jones' credentials would resent criticism, but Glickman couches it in a way that makes it palatable.

"I tell them they can accept everything I say or none of it—it's up to them," Glickman said. "I think they accept me because they realize I'm no threat to them."

But he's no sycophant. "The problem is that everybody's been telling these guys how great they are," Glickman said. "But I don't have to butter them up. I can tell them the truth, and I think they can appreciate it."

Like a football coach, Glickman watches a game live Sunday and three or four more on tape Monday, scribbling notes furiously. Then he calls the broadcasters involved with his critique and follows it up with a letter.

Glickman has a list of broadcasting no-nos, the two most common being talking off camera and using jargon.

"By talking off camera, I mean looking at

the field and describing something the viewer can't see," he explained. "Unless it's something of paramount importance—like, say, a penalty flag being dropped—you must talk about what's on the screen.

"And using vernacular without explaining it confuses viewers. I remember Bob Griese saying a pass couldn't possibly be completed, because the defense 'was in a double double.' What the hell is that? I didn't know what it meant. Use the phrase, but explain it."

Other Glickman blood boilers are failure to give the time and score frequently ("You can't give them too often"); ego-tripping stories that interfere with play ("The only person who tunes in to see you is your mother"); failure to make eye contact with the viewer when on camera ("Develop a rapport with the viewer"); for analysts, failure to personalize ("You've been on the field—tell the viewer what it feels like from a player's point of view"); and failure to give the play-by-play man time to set up the next play ("At least enough to say, 'second-and-seven on the 47'").

Though former athletes tend to make more mistakes initially than broadcasters with professional backgrounds, Glickman doesn't buy Howard Cosell's "jockocracy" rap.

"I'll just give you names—Frank Gifford, Pat Summerall, Joe Garagiola, Tony Kubek. They're among the best in the business. The jock has two assets over the journalism student—his recognizability and his knowledge of the game. Why hire the stranger out of journalism school who never played the game over the jock who can be taught to broadcast? Perhaps Cosell feels the way he does because he was never an athlete."

Glickman's debut as a broadcaster was something less than distinguished. He scored two touchdowns and intercepted three passes against Cornell in the fall of 1937, which prompted a local Syracuse radio station to hire him on the spot to do a Sunday night scoreboard show for the princely sum of \$15, or a buck a minute. He spent all afternoon rehearsing for his debut, then went on the air at 9:15 p.m. and said, "Good afternoon."

He had no coach. "I stuttered and stammered, but I learned from my mistakes and from other broadcasters. But I did it a different way. I determined what I didn't like and tried to avoid it, instead of mimicking others—which we all do to a certain extent. That way you develop your own style. I suggest that to broadcasters today."

The year before, 1936, Glickman was a member of the U.S. Olympic team at the infamous 1936 Nazi Games in Berlin. That was where Jesse Owens blazed his way to glory and made a mockery of the myth of

Aryan superiority. That was also where Glickman and teammate Sam Stoller suffered an insult and indignity that rankles him to this day.

Glickman and Stoller were scheduled to run legs on the overwhelmingly favored U.S. 400-meter relay team. They had trained as members of the team for weeks. But on the morning of the competition, they were replaced by Owens and Ralph Metcalfe.

U.S. Olympic officials told them they had heard the Germans had secretly stockpiled outstanding sprinters in an effort to upset the Americans in the relay, but Glickman and Stoller saw through the transparent lie. They were Jewish, the only two on the U.S. team and the only two not to compete. Benching them was an indelible stain on the honor of three men, U.S. Olympic Committee head Avery Brundage, head track coach Lawson Robertson, and assistant coach Dean Cromwell.

"To Owens' everlasting credit, he volunteered not to run, but they told him to do as he was told," Glickman said. "In those days, blacks didn't defy authority."

Glickman is going to take part this summer in a track meet honoring the golden anniversary of Owens' four gold-medal brilliance. He returned to the Olympic Stadium in August on a scouting trip, his first time back since 1936.

"There was red tartan turf instead of red clay, and lights, but those were the only things that were different," Glickman said. "My overwhelming feeling—and it shocked the hell out of me—was great anger. I was cussing out loud. It wasn't the German Nazis I was cussing, but the American Nazis who kept me and Stoller from running. How could a group of adults stop an 18-year-old kid from running and break his heart?"

Glickman recalled "an enormous feeling of resentment" at the time and vowed that he'd get revenge by winning everything in 1940. But World War II cancelled the Games, and Glickman had to try to avenge himself as a first lieutenant in the Marines.

In 1946 he became the basketball voice of the Knicks in the fledgling NBA, the start of a career that has never ended. In gratitude to his service as coach, and as a way to hype a meaningless game, NBC brought him back to the booth last December for the Jets-Bills game. Critics raved, and not just out of nostalgia. Glickman showed he could still hack it.

"Marty, you've got a great future in broadcasting," Trumpy told him, and Glickman smiled tolerantly.

Fresh kid. ■

Contributing editor BOB RUBIN is a guru to a whole generation of sports columnists, which is why so many vacation in Miami.



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When did major league baseball players start wearing numbers on their uniforms?

P. C., Baltimore

It wasn't until 1929, when the Yankees adopted the idea of putting numbers on their players' uniforms. The other big league teams soon followed suit. So, many of baseball's early greats, such as Ty Cobb, Tris Speaker, and Walter Johnson were never identified by numbers.



Ruth was already 'Babe' when he pitched for the Red Sox.

How did Babe Ruth acquire his nickname?

C. W., Elkhart, Ind.

Born George Herman Ruth, "The Sultan of Swat" was signed to his first professional baseball contract in February 1914 by Jack Dunn, owner of the Baltimore Orioles, then a minor league team with no major league affiliate. The contract was for \$600. Ruth, at the time a baby-faced 19-year-old who had spent most of his life in a strict Catholic reform school, was taken under Dunn's wing and soon referred to by his teammates as "Jack's baby." Within months Ruth was signed by the Red Sox, "Jack's baby" was shortened to "Babe," and the rest is history.

How long was the ABA in existence?

B. M., Chicago

The American Basketball Association, known for its red, white, and blue basketballs, was formed in February 1967, and played its last game in 1976. The ABA

featured many outstanding players during its nine-year history, among them Julius Erving, Rick Barry, and Artis Gilmore, but it never had the fan appeal that the NBA did. As with the United States Football League now, attendance around the league was low, forcing franchises to disband and others to relocate to different cities. The ABA, which started with 11 teams in its inaugural 1967-68 season, was down to seven by its final campaign, four of which, the San Antonio Spurs, New York Nets, Denver Nuggets, and Indiana Pacers, merged into the NBA for the 1976-77 season.

Why is a football called a "pigskin"?

A. G., Roanoke, Va.

The origin of football is very hazy, but one form of the game, in which the ball was kicked but not passed or carried, was played in Great Britain centuries ago. The Englishmen made their ball from the inflated bladder of an animal, often a pig. Hence the term "pigskin." The expression is still commonly used, although today's footballs are usually made of cowhide.

I heard that for a time in the late 1950s and early 1960s, baseball featured two All-Star Games in a season. How come?

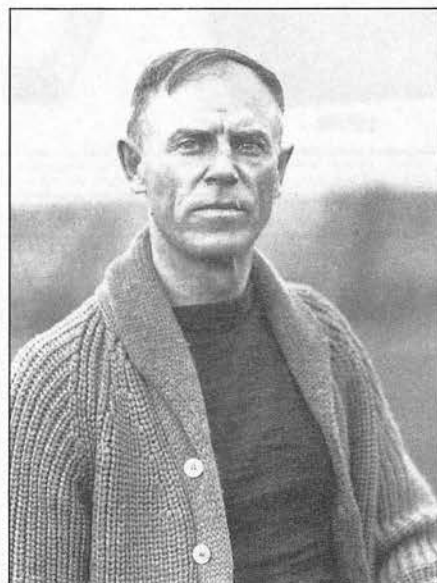
B. T., Amarillo, Texas

In 1959, in an effort to boost the players' pension fund, tradition was broken and a second All-Star Game was added to the baseball season. The experiment lasted through 1962, when it was decided to go back to the standard one-game-a-year format. Though the two-games idea did serve to beef up the players' pension fund and generally was accepted by the fans, the consensus among the players and owners was that two All-Star Games in a season was one too many, and that the second game detracted from the uniqueness of the "midseason classic."

Whom was the Heisman Trophy named after?

P. M., Wyandanch, N.Y.

The Heisman Trophy, awarded each fall to college football's premier player, was named after John Heisman, college football coach and innovator of the late 1800s and early 1900s. Heisman coached at several colleges, among them Georgia Tech, Auburn, and



Heisman: He changed football.

Penn. He later became athletic director of the prestigious Downtown Athletic Club in New York. It was as an innovator that Heisman is most renowned; he was the first coach to use pulling guards on running plays and have quarterbacks shout out signals at the line of scrimmage. He was also responsible for the division of football games into quarters—previously, the game consisted of halves. Heisman died in 1936 at age 66. A year earlier, the trophy had been named in Heisman's honor for his contributions to the sport. Jay Berwanger of the University of Chicago was the Heisman Trophy's first recipient in 1935.

Where did the term "sack," synonymous with tackling the quarterback, originate?

W. B., Midland, Mich.

Deacon Jones, a member of the Los Angeles Rams' "Fearsome Foursome" defensive line of the 1960s, gets credit for coining "sack." Deacon, never a friend of opposing quarterbacks, explains: "We needed a short word. To sack a guy is to fire him, get rid of him—or bag him, wrap him in a bag." With that, one of football's most popular expressions was born. ■

To uncover obscure sports facts, settle wagers, or to unravel confusing trivia, just quiz our newest staff member: Doctor Know, 1020 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois 60201.



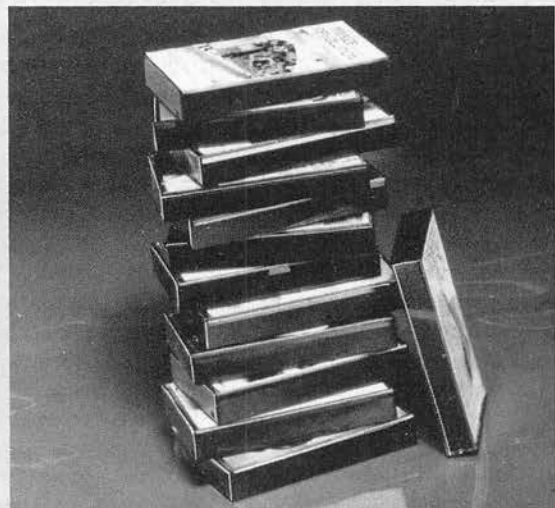
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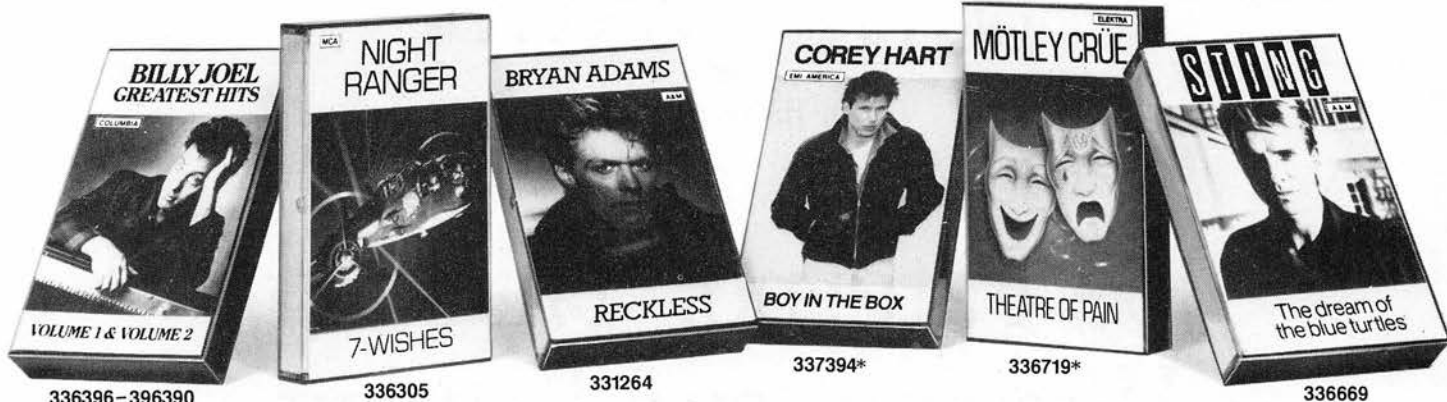
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By HANK NUWER

Joe Paterno: Thinking, Winning, and Lasting

MICHIGAN HEAD FOOTBALL coach Bo Schembechler says wistfully that he and Joe Paterno are a couple of dinosaurs. That because of quick-to-fire administrators and the temptation for coaches to play musical jobs to fatten their paychecks, you just won't see a Schembechler or a Paterno remaining at the same school for 15 years or longer.

Suffice to say, Joe Paterno is Penn State. He's been with the Nittany Lions for 35 years, the last two decades as head coach. The patriarch's record speaks for itself. Since succeeding Rip Engle in 1966, Paterno has continued his self-styled "Grand Experiment" to prove that athletes can also be scholars. More than 90% of his players earn a degree, a far cry from such football factories as Florida (14%) and Florida State (21%).

Paterno has developed such NFL superstars as 1973 Heisman Trophy winner John Cappelletti, Richie Lucas, Curt Warner, Todd Blackledge, and Franco Harris, but he seems prouder of those men who've made it in the real world. Dave Joyner, a 1971 All-America offensive tackle, is today a Camp Hill, Pa., orthopedic surgeon. Mike Reid, following his retirement from the Cincinnati Bengals as an All-Pro lineman, has found more fame in Nashville as a country songwriter. Chuck Burkhardt, quarterback of the 1968-69 State team, works as a top exec with Dr Pepper in Dallas.

Paterno himself looks more like a college president than a football coach. The coach graduated from Brown with a degree in English. He was a wiry quarterback of whom it was then said in print: "He can't run and he can't pass. All he can do is think and win."

These days he's rarely caught without a tie in public, and he frequently wears a sport jacket to practice. His players call him Dr. Rat behind his back, a metaphor drawn from his professorial manner, prominent nose, and small eyes, as often as not concealed by dark shades.

Paterno has had highs and lows in his

career. His bowl record is 11-4-1, and going into '85, his head-coaching totals are 176-43-2. He's coached the Nittany Lions to two of the longest winning streaks (23 and 31) in college football history, and he's also had streaks of 19, 15, 12, and 10 consecutive wins. By far his finest season was 1982, when the Curt Warner-Todd Blackledge-led club won a national championship after upending Georgia in the Sugar Bowl, 27-23.

One of the lowest points of his career came last season, when his squad finished 6-5, and became the first Paterno team not to get a Bowl bid since 1970. All winter and summer he endured the usual slings and arrows of critics who say he's too old (59 in December) to get up for the annual grind of chasing a national championship. He himself says that the '85 team went into spring training with the idea that it was "starting all over," despite the presence of 46 returning lettermen and such veteran assistant coaches as Bob Phillips (20 years at Penn State), Jerry Sandusky (15 years), and Fran Gantner (13 years).

"We may have an experienced squad, but after nine games in which you get shellacked like we did last year, experience can't have much to do with what happened," he says with characteristic bluntness. "Every player will have to prove himself."

The Nittany Lions proved themselves in the '85 season opener, upsetting favored Maryland, 20-18, on the road.

Those who count Joe Paterno out may regret their words when they find themselves under the lion's paw. Like Bobby Knight, the volatile Indiana coach, Paterno has never been known to mince words.

INSIDE SPORTS: Have you avoided burnout during your coaching career?

JOE PATERNO: I've never felt burnout in the sense that you mean, but I've had some moments when I was depressed. The '79 season was a depressing one for me, because we had a lot of problems that popped up all at once [the team lost three players because of academic ineligibility, and three

other players were arrested on charges ranging from drunk driving to burglary]. It was probably my fault because I spent a lot of time away [lecturing], and didn't think it could happen—I got careless. At that time I debated about whether I ought to get out of coaching—not because I felt burned out physically, mentally, or emotionally—I just thought, well, maybe you're too old or should be getting into something else. But I got out of it and made up my mind that wasn't the way to leave.

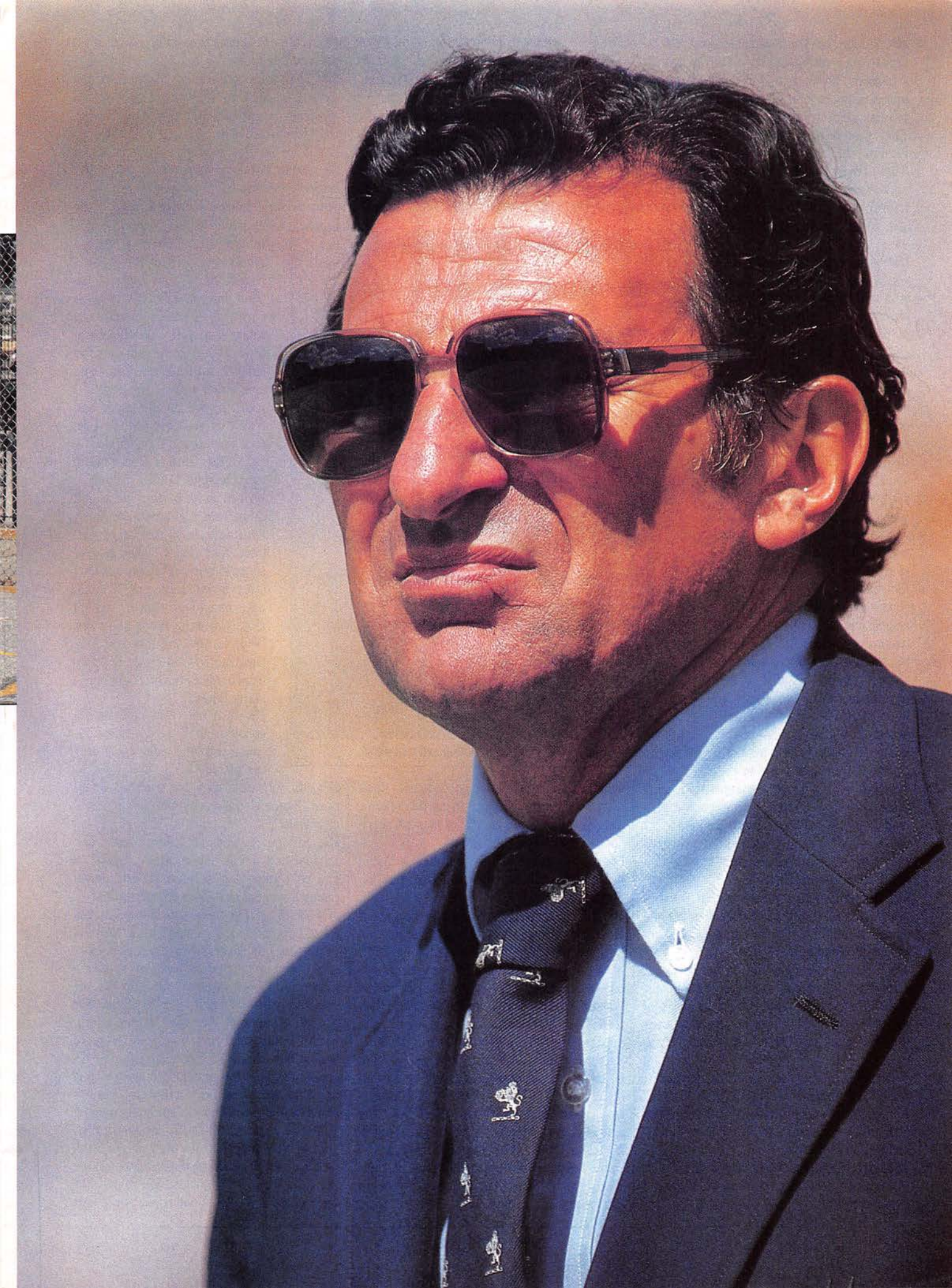
We try to keep our staff and team fresh. I rarely schedule night games, and we only work the kids four days a week. We don't practice Fridays, so that they can get away. Bud Wilkinson said something years ago to me about practice. He said, "If one coach on my staff thinks we're practicing too long, I cut practice." And I've tried to live by that, too. After a point, work gets lousy. We'd be sitting in staff meetings around one, two o'clock in the morning with everybody just looking at each other. We could never come up with a good idea at that stage. It would have taken the Holy Ghost to inspire us.

IS: You've kept the loyalty of your staff members for a long time. Has the thought of looking for a successor crossed your mind?

JP: Yeah, it does cross my mind, but it's consistent with my concern that we don't lead people into thinking that there's something here for them [when there's not]. The people who have a legitimate shot at it—they know who they are, and they know there might be some problem as to which one gets it. I've not specifically discussed it with any of them—that wouldn't be fair. I really don't know when I'm going to go.

IS: You've described your program as a family business, but sometimes family businesses have trouble with incestuous thinking. How do you thwart that?

'I've never wanted to be just a football coach. I've always enjoyed the academic environment.'



JP: Number one, when an older man retires, I try to get a young kid. I don't go out and get a person I know is a good coach. I usually take a young guy because young guys have a tendency to say, "Well, *why* do you do that?" They want to learn and they challenge you a little bit, and they're innovative, in a sense. Then, I make coaches visit different places. I send some people to Arizona, some to Brigham Young, some to pro teams. We go out to get invigorated, to get new ideas.

IS: Imagine for a moment that you would go into business for yourself. What things have you learned as a coach about motivating people that would carry over into the business world?

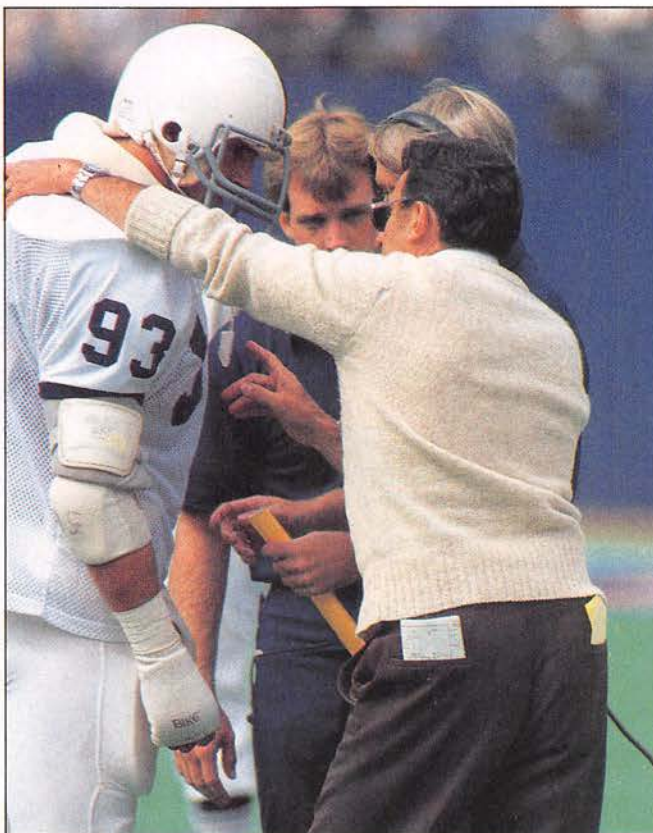
JP: Motivation is not something you do all of a sudden. Some people think that you make a speech and that motivates people. You've got to be concerned about the people who work for you. You give them the chance to have some input into what you're going to do. You start with the idea that you're building some pride. You make people feel that they're with a special company, a special organization, a special institution that's worth making sacrifices for. If you're the kind of guy we call the "we and us" person, unselfish, benefits will accrue to you. By making sacrifices—if you're talented, if you're good—you're going to get it back a hundred times. If you have pride in the organization, you can get people to do anything. And people have to have some success. It's easy for me to motivate people if I can somehow put them in a situation where they can succeed a little bit and start to feel good about themselves.

IS: But sometimes there's a thin line between a third-string and first-string college player. Is it hard to motivate those who don't get much playing time?

JP: We have a saying around here: It isn't enough to *be* fair; you must *appear* to be fair. There's a big difference. We take a lot of movies of our kids. We sit down and go over their mistakes with them. We've got to try to overcome them, and we've got to be frank with them. I say, "We don't want to lose your friendship because we tell you the truth." Appearing to be fair is not easy, but I think it's absolutely necessary to keep those third-string backs motivated.

IS: Is it harder to get team players in this age of high pro salaries and national television exposure?

JP: Yeah, it's hard. People are in a hurry to get rich, to move up, and they don't want to pay their dues. They've got to understand that unless they're team players, they're never going to get the opportunity to really show what they can do—not on *my* team. A Curt Warner may be the greatest running back who ever came down the pike, but unless some other people do some things together, he's never going to be able to show



'I look for the "we and us" kind of player.'

what he can do. If you've got kids who don't want to do that, you've got to get rid of them. There's nobody *that* good that you can sacrifice the morale of your group.

IS: Are the ethics of today's student athletes different from those when you were growing up?

JP: I don't think there's any question about that. We've been through a work ethic, and now we're into a money ethic—for want of a better way to describe it. Everything's the big buck. They see a guy like Herschel Walker getting X number of dollars, and they read about all the manipulation going on. It's, hey, don't be dumb. You're dumb if you don't take it. When I grew up in the city it used to be that way, but now, because of television, it's all over. I have older people who would be boosters if I let them, but I don't want any club like that. I try to keep the alumni out of it. Some think nothing about breaking the rules, because they don't think the rules are morally right. They think they ought to give a kid money.

IS: It almost seems that people don't want role models today.

JP: They want anti-heroes. The press won't let you be a hero. You go out and elect a governor or a president, and one week later, they [the press] are all trying to embarrass him. Chief Justice Warren said one time that he used to like reading the sports pages first because it was all positive. There were people *doing* things; it wasn't always the

negative aspect. I don't enjoy reading the sports pages. I rarely ever read the sports pages unless I'm looking for something specific. It's so negative. I don't want to read about salary disputes. I don't want to read about some kid saying, "Play me or trade me," or, "The coach didn't treat me right." I want to pick up the paper and read that so-and-so of the Cardinals had 3-and-2 on him in the last of the ninth and hit a home run. He almost didn't make it—he ran around third base and there was a great throw. What do they have all that other garbage for? That's what people seem to want. [Paterno sees his interviewer take out a small note pad to jot down a note.] Hey, you write notes like I do. Want to see some notes? [He hauls out several scraps of paper from his suit pocket.] I got notes to my notes.

IS: Is it true that your bed is considered a hazardous area because you leave pencils all over the place?

JP: Oh, my wife makes that story up! I suppose I happen to fall asleep with a pencil once in a while.

IS: Student newspaper editors are paid; student-body presidents receive a stipend. If you paid student athletes a stated sum of money, would it cut down on corruption?

JP: I think so. I've been criticized because a lot of people think it's inconsistent with my ideals that I think we ought to pay players or give them a certain amount of spending money. But back in about 1955 or '56, we used to give the kids \$15 a month for spending money. We gave them room, board, books, and tuition—same thing we have now—plus \$15 for spending money. An economist went through the process of figuring what \$15 would be worth today, and it's worth \$65 a month now in spending money. You take a kid in college today who's dirt-poor—he simply has no dignity. He can't pick up a check. He can't buy a shirt he likes. He can't go to the movies. We make kids wear coats and ties on our trips. Some kids

who come to us don't have a coat. They have to go home, make some money, and buy a coat. There are great temptations for somebody out of the mainstream. He'd be tempted by somebody who'd say, "I want you to be able to join a fraternity—here's a hundred bucks." And a kid takes it. Or somebody says, "Get a decent shirt," and the kid shoplifts. We ought to be fair to the kid. I don't think that's paying him; that's giving him a legitimate scholarship, because we do that in so many other areas. The whole college experience should be meaningful—not just going to classrooms—but you've got to be in the mainstream. You can't be in the mainstream if you don't have a \$10 bill in your pocket once in a while.

IS: How do you handle the details?

JP: We've got the job of keeping track of things. A kid needs a couple of bucks, but you've got to teach him that rules are to be obeyed. If we espouse that we're going to live by the rules of the NCAA, I'm not comfortable being a hypocrite and saying, "Hey, we're just going to forget these kids are making \$150 on selling tickets for money." I'd be naive to think there aren't some kids making money. If the NCAA said, you've got to swear to me that there's no kid who's selling any tickets, I couldn't do it. I sometimes think we make a mistake in passing rules we can't enforce.

IS: There has been talk about not letting Wagner College and other small schools stay in Division I. How do you feel about that?

JP: That's in basketball. I'll give you a lengthy answer to that because it gives me an opportunity to share some ideas that I think are important. The NCAA, as structured now, can't exist. We have to evolve into a federation. I think the 80 schools, or the 60, 65, I'm talking about that have the public trust because the public identifies with their team—those types of schools that have a great commitment to a well-rounded athletic program because they believe it's beneficial to the student, not because they're going to make money or they have to win—they ought to get together and say: "Hey, look, these are the standards we're going to have. And we don't care about the other group of schools who really have only one commitment: to make money in sports—those schools that want to have just five, six sports. They're the ones taking the marginal students so they can be competitive. We've got to get together with the 50, 60, or 80 schools willing to do things the way they ought to be—using bona fide students still in school—and give these other people five or six years to clean up their act. If they don't want to clean up, fine. We won't play them. When you have schools like Wagner that want to have the same kind of basketball program as UCLA, you've got to wonder.



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Why did Villanova give up football? Villanova gave up football because they wanted to be in Division I. They didn't want to go out and just have a Division III program with kids who could play, and if they didn't make any money, they didn't make any money at it. I mean, they've—we've—lost sight of the reason you play. I fight it all the time, just like the damn [NFL] draft. I don't want to be part of that stuff. They make the fact that the kid is going to be a pro player more important than everything else he's done. It's disturbing to me, because it's a make-believe world for five, six years. It won't last forever.

IS: Have you read about the trend to give students scholarships—not on the basis of need but on scholastic ability?

JP: Right now there's great competition to get those really good students. College Board scores indicate there are fewer and fewer students getting that 700 in verbal and 700 in math. I've advocated here [at Penn State] that if we're going to have a really great institution, we've got to bring in some stars, and then we've got to bring in some other people around them. You go out and get some scholars, so there's some interplay. I've always felt that the innovations we get come from young people—18, 19, 20, 26 years old. Napoleon at 25 or 26 was almost master of the world. So we've got to create scholarship money for two groups: the needy who are bright, and then beyond that, to the geniuses.

IS: Do you use any bits and pieces from other great coaches in your style?

JP: [chuckling]: I'm glad to hear you say "other great coaches." There's the story of the coach shaving himself in the mirror and saying to his wife: "Do you know how many great coaches there are in this country?" And the wife says, "One less than you think, honey." [laughter] I put myself in that "one less" category. Oh, I've been influenced by some people who have coached me. Rip Engle had a great influence upon me, both as a player and as a member of his staff. You look at a guy like Vince Lombardi, from the same neighborhood in Brooklyn that I'm from. I watched his career. He really felt that if you're in it, you're in it to win. All of us who become a success in coaching have got to have some kind of competitive instinct. But I tried to be myself. I knew I could never be a Rip Engle, and never be a Lombardi or a Bud Wilkinson. I've tried to learn from people how to handle certain situations. I learned a lot of patience from Rip. Rip was a great believer in: "Don't make a confrontation until it's necessary." There may be some things you don't know about. Try to find out a little bit more before you jump into it—which has been very tough for me all my life. I'm a very impetuous, "let's get it over with" kind of guy. As I said, I really tried hard to be

myself, figuring that kids could smell a phony. I don't think you can fool them."

IS: You have to give a lot of time to your job. Are you ever worried that your son's going to run off and do something wrong because you're not there to give him guidance?

JP: Yeah, I am. I do worry about that. But I have a very strong wife, a committed wife, who has done a great job with the two girls and the oldest boy. You know, there's never been a picture of my family in a program. I try to keep them their own people. I don't let anybody interview them. Nobody takes pictures of them. I want them to realize that they're just like everybody else. Because their dad gets his name in the paper once in a while is not going to help them.

IS: Is it hard for you to get rid of people and to tell them the truth?

JP: No, it's not hard. I always felt as a person that I didn't want people playing games with me. The only time I get angry with people is when they lie to me. I had a situation with the Redskins when they took Larry Kubin. I had no objection to Larry Kubin going anytime he wanted to go. He was going to graduate with his class, but he had another year of eligibility. Some people with the Redskins said to me: "We're going to draft him, but we're not going to sign him. Don't worry, we're not even going to talk to him." They should have said to me, "Look, we need him." That's fine. They're a business, a \$25 million operation, and I'm a big boy. I want people to be honest with me.

IS: After Todd Blackledge's senior season, he tried out with 12 or 13 different teams before the draft, not counting Kansas City, with whom he finally signed. It takes time to go through those paces. Does it bother you that seniors must work out with the pros with only two months left before final exams?

JP: Oh, yeah, it bothers me tremendously. We've got a running battle going with the pros not to overwork them [graduating seniors]. Most of the times Blackledge worked out, the pros came here, but he went away to two, three places, maybe four. But kids are getting smarter now. Some of our seniors came to summer school last summer so they wouldn't have to take a full load in the spring term. We've tried to reorganize their thinking so they can graduate on time.

IS: A Penn State faculty member said that you actually go to school faculty meetings.

JP: I don't want to pat myself on the back, but I never wanted to be just a football coach. I've always enjoyed the academic environment, and I've always tried to go to things that are taking place on campus. The campus is a fascinating place, and I try to stay involved with the faculty. It's important that the faculty understand that football has a place in the university, and that the tail's not wagging the dog.

IS: Do you encourage your students to do scholastic assignments, even if they miss part of spring training?

JP: Oh, yeah. I had a great kid here by the name of Bruce Bannon, an All-America defensive end back in '72. He was a geologist, and I excused him from spring practice because he had to get a project together, a drawing of the strata of the earth. Afterward, he gave me his research work, and I framed it.

IS: Do you have problems if you demand more of students who have more ability?

JP: We have a saying that we can only go as fast as the slowest kid. We're only as good as the poorest kid we carry. We literally have to work down. That's one of the reasons a lot of coaches fool themselves when they take really slow kids, because you've got to gear everything to the slow ones. You're always trying to make sure the kids with superior athletic ability don't get bored.

IS: You attended a Jesuit high school in Brooklyn. Isn't that a liberal sort of thinking, in which you're always challenging, always pushing, always wanting answers?

JP: I think I'm a liberal; I hope I am. I'm a registered Republican only because I think there are some excesses, fiscal excesses, that have to be straightened out. But I've never voted straight party in my life.

IS: What was your family like?

JP: My father's people are educated. My aunt became the head of a Romance language department; another aunt was an artist. One of my uncles was a sports writer for the old *Brooklyn Eagle*. My father and one of my uncles were lawyers. My dad became a lawyer when I was 12 years old. He finished up high school at night, went to college at night, and then went to law school at night. He was in his early 40s when he passed the bar.

IS: It's funny, but your background almost sounds as if you were meant to be a writer. Is there a novel in Joe Paterno?

JP: Not really. I'm more of a doer than a writer. I'm a political animal, in the sense that the kind of people I love reading about are the Napoleons and the Alexanders, the people who had that combination of political and military genius. Politics is such a frustrating experience in this country that it doesn't seem to be worth the effort. If one person came along who could make a difference in this country, I'd probably get active in politics. People think I want to run for office; I don't particularly want to do that. I'd like to be a guy who gets up in the morning, figuring how he's going to help somebody get a job done. At this stage of my life, that's what I'd like to do. ■

Contributing writer HANK NUWER has proved you can be both a doer and a writer. His last piece for I.S. was on BYU football.

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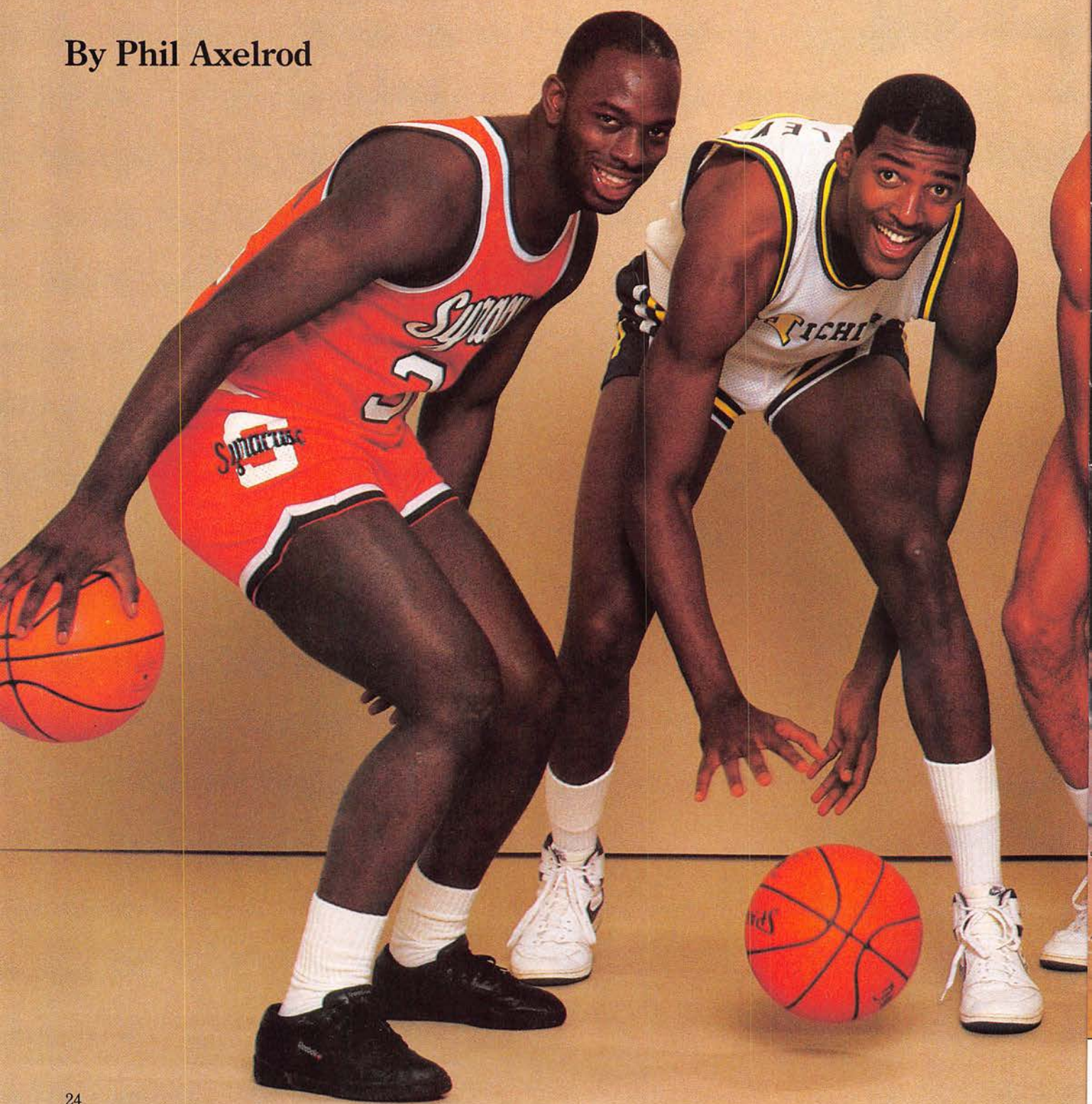


**COLLEGE
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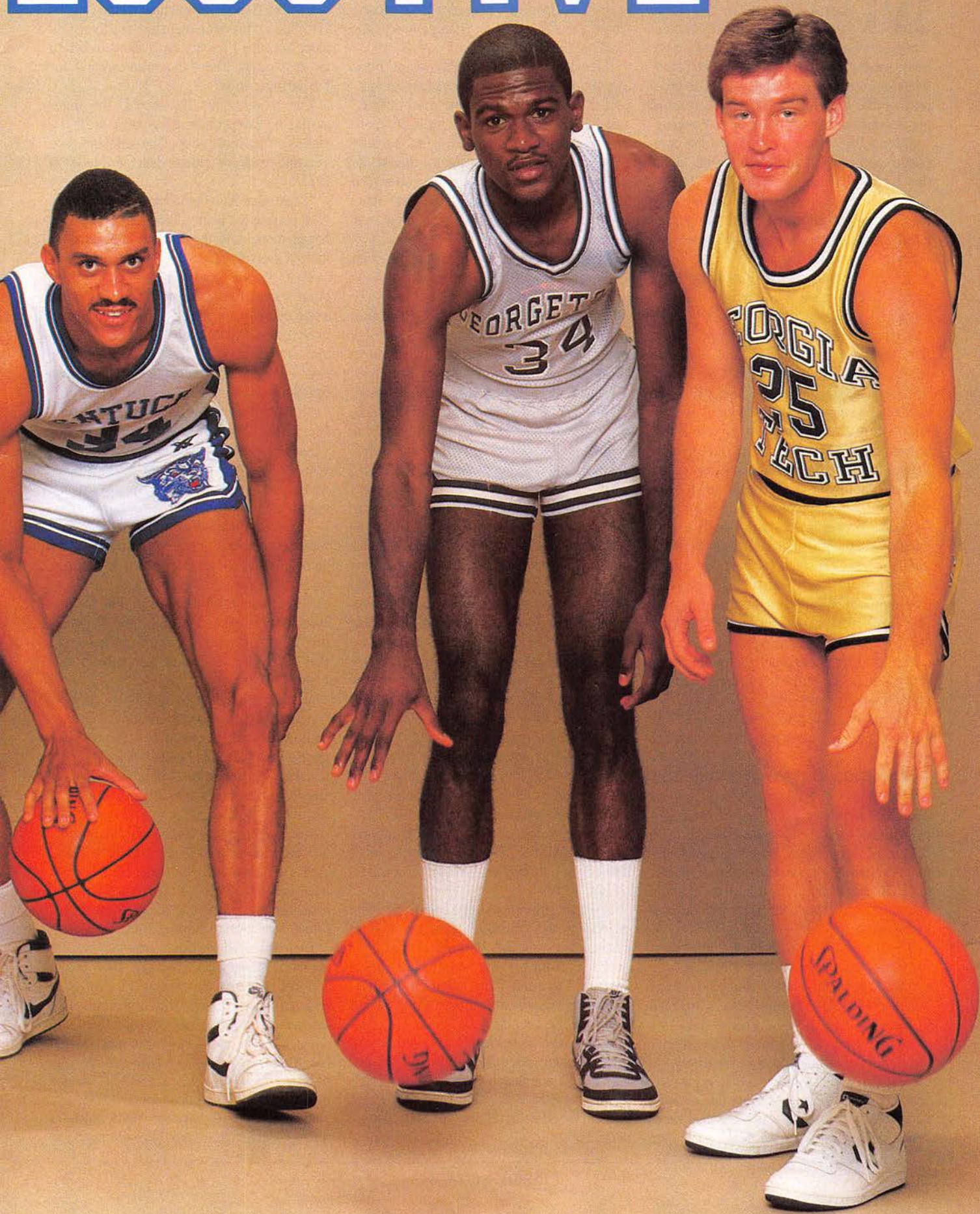
OUR FABU

The 1985-86 INSIDE SPORTS Preseason All-Americans have flash (Pearl Washington), pivot power (Roy Tarpley), all-around excellence (Kenny Walker), finesse (Reggie Williams), and a born leader (Mark Price)

By Phil Axelrod



LOUS FIVE



MARK PRICE, THE COOL playmaker from Georgia Tech, was caught off guard—something opponents have failed to do since the bony six-footer first donned his gold-and-white uniform three seasons ago. The prospect of the nation's top college basketball players playing as a team was mind-boggling.

After a brief pause he regained his composure and smiled that choirboy smile of his that hides a burning competitive spirit.

"I'd give the ball to Pearl and say, 'Get it to me,'" Price said with an impish laugh, relishing the thought of teaming with Syracuse's Dwayne (Pearl) Washington.

"I think we could all play together," Price said. "We'd certainly be tough to beat as a team."

On paper, at least, the 1985-86 INSIDE SPORTS Preseason College Basketball All-America Team looks unbeatable.

The guards combine the steadiness and pure outside shooting of Price with the flash and dash of the wildly unpredictable Washington. Kentucky's smooth-muscled Kenny Walker, a tower of power underneath at 6'8", and Georgetown's 6'7" Reggie Williams, a silky swingman, complement each other at forward. Walker works the baseline with explosive strength, and the angular Williams glides around the floor with grace and an uncommon shooting touch for a man his size. The center of attention on this dream team is Michigan's 6'11" Roy Tarpley, a lean and mean shot-blocker supreme.

And all are winners, each the catalyst for a team that is expected to challenge for national honors this season.

"We're all competitors," said Price, "and we all know how hard you have to work to win."

Nobody in this elite group has worked any harder than Price, who entered Georgia Tech as a scrawny, sandy-haired teen-ager from Enid, Okla., where he could throw a basketball through the hoop wearing a blindfold but seemed blind to the rest of the game.

"I've gone from being just a good shooter," said Price, "to being a good basketball player."

The man most responsible for the transformation has been Bobby Cremins, the energetic young coach who has built Georgia Tech's basketball program into a national power with Price as the cornerstone.

"When I came to Georgia Tech we weren't expected to win any games. Whatever we did was just super wonderful to everybody," said Price. "Now, people expect it. Beating some of the big teams was a big deal then. Now, losing games is a big deal."

The Yellow Jackets, though, haven't lost too many games since Cremins switched Price to point guard last season, handing him the basketball and the leadership of the team. Georgia Tech posted a 27-8 record, winning its first ACC championship and cracking the Top 10.

"I feel like I'm a leader," Price said. "I lead by example. I just do it—players respect that."

"I think Mark has become more happy," said Cremins. "Mark has probably gone through some personal changes, because here was this coach trying to change his game. Mark Price does one thing as well as anyone who's living right now, and that's shoot. And here's this gray-headed guy telling him to pass the ball."

A crafty, gray-haired guy, that is. Cremins knew what he was doing, even if Price wasn't always sure he was right.

"I had some doubts," Price admitted after a little prodding. "Nothing serious. I've always been a shooter, and they've never taken that part of my game away from me."

"It may be hard for people to understand, but it's a lot of fun being able to do some things people said I couldn't do. I was weak on defense when I came in. I've worked on defense, and now I'm proud of my defense."

Not that Price has ever felt too uncomfortable with a basketball in his hands. He has been in the starting lineup for each of the 92 games Georgia Tech has played since his arrival. Price started building his reputation in a hurry, being named the Atlantic Coast Conference Rookie of the Year after averaging 20.3 points to become the first freshman ever to lead the league in scoring.

"I was like a kid in a candy store," Price said of his first season. "Everything was all new and exciting. I was having a lot of fun."

The good times have continued for Price, who set school records for assists (150) and steals (66) last season in addition to averaging a team-high 16.7 points. He ranks third on the school's all-time scoring parade with 1,603 points, behind only Rich Yunkus' 2,232 and Roger Kaiser's 1,628. An 85% shooter from the foul line, Price had a string of 31 straight free throws last season for a school record.

"He's got to be considered one of the finest guards in the country," Cremins said of Price, a two-time All-ACC selection.

"Every night I go out and I have to prove myself," Price said. "But when I step out on the court, I feel I can compete with the best guards in the country."

Those who have closely followed his career consider Price the quintessential college guard, an uncanny passer with a zone-busting jumper. Price sidesteps such lavish praise as effortlessly as he slips past a defender.

"I'm probably my biggest critic. I've always been critical of my game because I want to be the best I can be. I've matured over the last three years," said Price, who has added 20 pounds and now weighs a solid 170. "I keep my head mentally into the game more because I know I can't allow myself to get frustrated. I have to set an example for the younger kids."

The more points he scores, the more assists he hands off, and the more steals he makes, the more opposing coaches are devising trick defenses designed to stop him.

"I take that as a compliment," said Price. "But playing the point means the ball is in my hands more, and that makes it tougher to keep it away from me."

Pearl Washington was measured for instant stardom and a ticket to the NBA while still a pudgy youngster at Boys High School in Brooklyn. Nicknamed "The Pearl"—"My idol was Earl (The Pearl) Monroe," he says—Washington seems to have been born dribbling a basketball.

"I started as a newborn baby," he said, chuckling. "No, actually I started playing when I was about seven or eight years old. I've always played with older guys. When I was 12, the neighborhood guys started calling me Pearl, after Monroe."

The 6'2" Washington adopted more than Monroe's moniker. He picked up many of the same dippy-doodle, now-you-see-it, now-you-don't moves to the basket.

"He always liked to make people happy," Washington said of Monroe, "and so do I. I feel I can dominate a game. I can take over the game, but I like to keep everybody happy."

Washington certainly made the college coaches happy while scoring 38 points a game at Boys High, the home of former NBA greats Lenny Wilkens and Connie Hawkins. The happiest recruiter of all turned out to be Brendan Malone, then an assistant who helped steer Washington to Syracuse.

"Pearl Washington is by far the best transition guard I've seen in the last 20 years of high school basketball," Malone, now the head coach at Rhode Island, said when he recruited Washington. "I think he could penetrate a rush-hour subway."

Deceptively quick for a guy lugging 210 pounds, Washington averaged 15.4 points and 6.1 assists last season for the 22-9 Orangemen. Coach Jim Boeheim has learned to coexist with Washington, who doesn't always break a sweat in practice and has been known to whip a between-the-legs pass out of bounds when a simple bounce pass would have produced an easy layup.

"I know that I have to calm down at times," Washington said. "I'm not trying to

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show off, I'm just playing the game the way I've always played."

Kentucky's Walker has been nearly unstoppable the last three seasons, romping through the Southeastern Conference while stamping his name in the school's record book. Walker, the SEC's Player of the Year, averaged 22.9 points and 10.2 rebounds a game last season to become the first player since Tennessee's Bernard King (1976-77) to lead the league in both categories.

Midway through the season, when the Wildcats were struggling, Joe B. Hall, who resigned at the end of the year, met with Walker, the team's top gun and its spiritual leader.

"We were having a lot of problems and coach Hall pulled me over and told me to take charge," said Walker. "He told me he was looking for me to produce more. He gave me the green light, and I played with more and more confidence after that."

With a revived Walker leading the charge, the unheralded Wildcats closed with a rush to storm into the "Sweet 16" of the NCAA Tournament and finish with an overall record of 18-13.

"I didn't try to force anything," Walker said. "I just relaxed and let the game come to me. It was tough, I guess, from a physical standpoint because I ran into a lot of special defenses, and players did play harder against me. They played me physical—they tried to intimidate me, to get me frustrated."

That was a drastic change for Walker, who spent his first two seasons in near-obscure because Kentucky's attack revolved around the Twin Towers, Sam Bowie and Melvin Turpin, a pair of dominating giants who were high picks in the 1985 NBA draft.

When Eddie Sutton, the highly successful boss at Arkansas, took the Kentucky coaching job, Walker eased fears that he might turn pro by announcing he was coming back.

"Eddie Sutton is the reason I came back," said Walker. "Coach Sutton and coach Hall both stress defense, and both are strict disciplinarians. I think under coach Sutton we'll run a motion-type offense and our offense will be more balanced."

For Walker, that means an opportunity to stray from the basket, handle the ball a little more, and fill the lanes on the fastbreak. And it could mean more victories for Kentucky.

At the University of Kentucky, basketball is serious business. Maybe too serious.

"I want to have a little bit more fun this year," Walker said. "I'm working hard because this is my senior year and I want to go out in style."

So does Georgetown's Williams, who is

anxious to finally emerge from the seven-foot shadow cast by Patrick Ewing, the college game's most awesome force the last four years. While Ewing owned the headlines the last two seasons, Williams has quietly gone about his business, hitting a jumper here, grabbing a rebound there, but without gathering much attention.

His personal numbers may not stack up against those of the other All-America picks, but Williams played in more winning games last season than any of them.

"We win here," said Williams, the words dripping with pride. "Individual goals are nothing."

Playing slightly less than 30 minutes a game in John Thompson's shuffling system, Williams put together a solid, if not spectacular, set of statistics for last year's 35-3 club that finished as the runner-up to national champion Villanova. He was fourth on the team in scoring at 12.3, third in rebounding at 5.7, third in assists with 83, second in steals with 53, second in blocked shots with 20, and third in field goal percentage at 50.6.

The big-play man this season will be Williams, who seems to save his biggest plays for the biggest games and the toughest situations. After a loss to St. John's early in the season, Williams took charge with a team-high 25 points as Georgetown whipped the Redmen, 85-69, before 19,591 fans at New York City's Madison Square Garden. He was the Hoyas' high scorer again (this time with 20) when they beat St. John's, 77-59, to advance to the NCAA final game.

"That's been one of my attributes since high school," said Williams. "I love the challenge of going up against guys with big names, the big reps. I don't like to lose."

Georgetown's critics—they are legion—are predicting doom for the Hoyas. They are saying that Ewing was responsible for taking the Hoyas to the Final Four three times in the last four years.

"Patrick had to move on, just like life moves on," said Williams. "Patrick was a dominant force. Now we can't relax on defense, we don't have a shot-blocker—yet. We'll have to put more pressure on our outside 'D.'"

"I think we'll change on offense. It will be fast, a fast pace." Williams stopped to catch his breath. "I love it," he said with a wide grin. "That's my kind of game."

Ask Williams to describe his game and he'll say he's a small forward, a cross between Magic Johnson and George Gervin.

"If you don't play me close, I'm a shooter," he said. "If you play me too close, I'll go around you. I'd say I'm a finesse player—a sneaky rebounder."

Unlike the others—schoolboy phenoms who made an immediate splash on the col-

lege scene—Tarpley barely created a ripple his first year at Michigan. A bargain-basement recruit, he was just another tall, gangly kid with long arms and legs who spent most of his time brooding on the bench.

"My attitude was real bad," admitted Tarpley.

Tarpley used the summer following his freshman year to get his head and game in order. The rest, as they say, is history. He forced his way into the starting lineup midway through his sophomore season, and last year was named the Big 10's Most Valuable Player. Tarpley's new work ethic helped him become the league's top rebounder (10.4) and third-leading scorer (19.0) last year. He was a key reason for Michigan's Big 10 championship, 26-4 overall record, No. 2 national ranking, and trip to the second round of the NCAA Tournament.

Tarpley's rise reads like a fairy tale, a success story with an unlikely beginning. Tarpley was a skinny 6'6" leaper and a virtual unknown in Detroit when Frieder first spotted him playing in a summer league. With one scholarship left, Frieder figured he had nothing to lose and signed Tarpley.

"No one knew anything about him," recalled Frieder. "He was our gamble. It was like he fell out of the sky. Kids like Roy are a lot of fun because there's no ego problem."

Tarpley is now a 6'11" center who is extremely quick and agile. He roams the middle like a praying mantis, swatting away shots with a flick of the wrist. His 69 rejections as a sophomore is a school record.

"I love blocking shots. I think I have the whole team scared to come into the paint," Tarpley said, grinning mischievously.

Frieder would like Tarpley to eat more. The extra pounds could be turned into muscle and help his ball-handling, the one flaw in his game.

"Roy led our team in turnovers last year, and the added size would give him the strength to cut down on them," Frieder said.

A more consistent Tarpley could be the edge the Wolverines need to push them to the top this season.

"We want to win the national championship," said Tarpley, "and I know we can do it. We get excited when we hear people talking about us being No. 1 [in the polls]. It's an honor and something to live up to."

The national championship—it's the dream of every college basketball player in the country. It's one that the members of INSIDE SPORTS' dream team could make come true. ■

PHIL AXELROD, a Pittsburgh free-lancer who specializes in college basketball, tried a between-the-legs bounce pass in a pickup game recently. He's still recuperating.

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The Top 20

Georgia Tech, led by John Salley and Mark Price, has the inside track to No. 1, but Carolina is right on the Yellow Jackets' heels

By Ray Meyer

How do you spell No. 1 in college basketball this season?
G-e-o-r-g . . .

Relax. It's Georgia Tech, not Georgetown.

Your interest in the game probably soared with Villanova's upset of mighty Georgetown in last year's national championship contest. Well, stay tuned for more of the same.

Much to my delight, it's not easy to pick a No. 1 this year: Patrick Ewing has moved on, and there are no Georgetown's among the contenders.

Giant-killer Villanova lost its slingshot through graduation. But fear not. This will be an upsetting season only in the sense that upsets will abound. Don't look for any team to have fewer than three or four losses. In the world of NCAA basketball, underdogs have become extinct, and the only dynasty left is a TV soap opera.

Indeed, Georgia Tech won't be No. 1 like Georgetown was No. 1. My first five picks—Tech, North Carolina, Michigan, Duke, and Syracuse—could wind up trading places.

Georgetown? Oh, the Hoyas will be in the upper half of the Top 20. Though all we seemed to hear about last season was Patrick Ewing, coach John Thompson still has probably the best two wing men in the country in Reggie Williams and David Wingate. This is a *team*.

But Georgia Tech, with four starters returning, is the new No. 1. The Yellow Jackets had outstanding talent last year. When they finally lost to Georgetown in the regional finals, it was only because guard Mark Price had probably his worst shooting night of the season.

The last Midwestern team to win the NCAA title was Indiana in 1981. The Big East and Atlantic Coast Conference have divided the last four crowns. Look for the pattern to continue, with Georgia Tech doing the ACC proud this season.

1 Georgia Tech

These Yellow Jackets haven't lost their sting. They return Price (16.7 ppg.) and Bruce Dalrymple (12.9) in the backcourt and John Salley (14.0 ppg., 7.1 rpg.) and Duane Ferrell (9.1 ppg.) up front. Ferrell was injured for the NCAA tournament and saw limited service. Georgetown really might have suffered had Ferrell been healthy.

Salley, a seven-foot senior, will be one of the top three picks in the NBA draft. The last three seasons, the Jackets have had the ACC Rookie of the Year in Ferrell, Dalrymple, and Price. So make no mistake: There's talent here.

Six-foot-11 Yvon Joseph (11.6) is gone, but coach Bobby Cremins redshirted 6'9" Willie Reese and 6'4" Craig Neal. In addition, Tech returns seven-foot center Antoine Ford. Redshirts and incoming freshmen more than compensate for the loss of Joseph.

Tom Hammonds, a 6'8" prize from Florida, was one of the best prep forwards in the nation last year, averaging 25 points per game. Landing him was a big plus, as was getting Anthony Sherrod, rated the No. 4 big guard in the country.

This team has the ability, leadership, and coaching to meet any challenge.

2 North Carolina

Dean Smith, whose Tar Heels fell to Villanova in the regional finals, may have the biggest team in the country with 6'11" Brad Daugherty (17.3, 9.7) and 6'10" Joe Wolf (9.1) returning.

Smith has a great backcourt combination in Kenny Smith (12.3) and Steve Hale (10.6). And don't forget 6'11" Warren Martin, 6'9" Dave Popson, and three splendid incoming freshmen.

The team's weakness last year was at small forward, but Kevin Madden, an outstanding prospect, should fill that void. Steve Bucknall, who grew up in England, averaged 30 points in high school last year in New England. Jeff Lebo, a 6'3" guard, was one among the best preps in the country.

The Tar Heels have size, talent, Dean Smith, and incentive—having lost to Georgia Tech three times last season. Do they need anything else?

Footnote: As far as overall personnel, Georgia Tech can put five better players on the floor at one time. But North Carolina probably

Salley, who is the launching pad for Tech hopes, is the premier big man in the ACC, and a certain first-round NBA draft pick.





All-American Dawkins leads Duke's returning starters for a final shot at the brass ring.

can go deeper. Still, Tech has that great outside shooting, which is oh so important in a tight game.

3 Michigan

The Wolverines had a banner year, winning the Big 10 title and enjoying a school-record 17-game winning streak. The downer was a second-round NCAA loss to Villanova.

Coach Bill Frieder might have the best team in America. He can load, reload, and reload again. Everyone on his roster is a Player, with a capital P.

All five starters return. The guards, as a pair, are sound. Gary Grant (13.4) is a fine shooter. Antoine Joubert (13.9), at 6'5", seems big, strong, and slow, but when Michigan needs a basket he gets it.

Roy Tarpley, 6'11", may be the best big man in the college game. Averaging 19 points and 10 rebounds, he was MVP in the Big 10 and might easily repeat. Richard Rellford and Butch Wade are back at forwards.

Michigan had a great recruiting year, landing the state's Mr. Basketball, frontcourt sensation Glen Rice (28 ppg., 12 rpg.); a fine center, John Oosterbaan (26, 10), guard Billy Butts (25), and 6'8" Loy Vaught (25, 13).

These Wolverines won't beat themselves. And they'll keep coming after you with talent and more talent.

4 Duke

Virtually everybody is back, and this could be the Blue Devils' year. If it isn't, Duke fans could face a long wait for another championship opportunity.

Coach Mike Krzyzewski's backcourt combo of Johnny Dawkins (18.8) and Tom Amaker (8.2) is a winner. The 6'2" Dawkins is an extraordinary performer who has started 93 consecutive games. Take it from me: He can do it all.

Jay Bilas, a 6'8" center, averaged just 10 points last year but should be improved, stronger, and ready to play after further offseason weight training. And I really like Mark Alarie, the 6'8" forward who averaged 15.9 points. The Devils feel they have the best sixth man in the country in 6'5" senior David Henderson.

Freshman forward Danny Ferry averaged 19.5 points and 12 rebounds last season in high school. The Devils are loaded. This could be their year—or they're never going to make it.

5 Syracuse

I should know all about Syracuse. I watched the Orangemen knock DePaul and my son, Joey, out of the NCAA tournament in our first game down in Atlanta. Pearl Washington made us eat the basketball, and we cried all the way home.

This is an experienced team, with four regulars returning. Jim Boeheim has a splendid forward in Rafael Addison (18.4) and a vastly improved 6'10" center in Rony Seikaly (8.1, 6.4). Seikaly made a believer out of me in the DePaul game; either that or we made him look like an All-American.

But Syracuse's strength is at guard. The Pearl averaged 16.4 points and had 188 (count 'em) assists. He is learning to play under control. Michael Brown (9.6) is a steady guard who knows his role: Give the ball to Washington and follow him up court.

The key returnee is 6'9" Wendell Alexis (9.6, 6.0). He replaces 6'8" Andre Hawkins (8.8), the only starter lost.

Boeheim had a great recruiting year. Guard Sherman Douglass was player of the year in Washington, D.C., with 26.6 points and eight assists per game. Jim also brought in a big power forward, Rodney Walker, who averaged 23.1 points and 8.9 rebounds, with 84 blocked shots.

This team could be best in the East. Professor Boeheim can teach this team to play the way he wants it to.

6 Louisville

Forget the 19-18 record and the fourth-place finish in the NIT, both uncharacteristic of Denny Crum's teams. The Cardinals had a number of injuries that cost them dearly. But they're healthy now, and I can't help but love them.

Milt Wagner, one of the best in the nation, is back healthy at guard. The other guard, Jeff Hall (12.1), is deadly from the outside. Forward Billy Thompson had impressive stats (15.1, 8.4) despite playing hurt the second half of the season. And Mark McSwain (8.4) is a sound forward.

The Cardinals should be able to overcome the loss of forward Manuel Forrest and 6'11" center Barry Sumpter, the latter an academic casualty. Kevin Walls, a 6'1" guard, missed last season with an injury after averaging 44.8 points in high school.

A recruiting harvest yielded gems such as 6'9" Pervis Ellison, 6'7" Tony Kimbro, 6'7" Avery Marshall, 6'7" Kenny Payne, 6'8" Dave

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Robinson, and 6'3" Keith Williams. No wonder Denny Crum is grinning.

Look for Louisville to start slowly, gain momentum, and wreak havoc at tournament time.

7 Auburn

The class of the Southeastern Conference, Sonny Smith's team finished strongly last year. Everybody's back, including Smith, which might be the best news of all.

Auburn's nucleus is solid with forwards Chuck Person (22.0, 8.9) and Chris Morris (10.4), center Jeff Moore (8.2, 7.1), and guards Frank Ford (11.5) and Gerald White (7.9).

Key additions are junior college transfers Ricky Short, an All-



Pearl has moves even he doesn't know about.

America forward, and Melvin Haralson, a guard; plus incoming freshman forward Mike Jones.

The Tigers play sound, conservative basketball and never beat themselves. Considering the great entertainment they provided at the end of last season, I see big things for them.

Sonny, you'll be happy you stayed. That talent is going to make you an excellent coach.

8 Kansas

With eight of their first nine players returning, the Jayhawks are the class of the Big 8 and sound challengers for national honors. They are big, strong, and balanced.

Larry Brown has great forwards in senior Ron Kellogg (17.6) and 6'11" sophomore Danny Manning (14.6, 7.6). Plus, he has a seven-footer at center in Greg Dreiling (13.1, 6.9). The guards are Calvin Thompson (13.7) and Cedric Hunter (6.7).

Brown has added two outstanding players in junior college forward Archie Marshall (15.1) and freshman forward Jerry Johnson (23.0, 10.4).

Larry is a great motivator, and it won't take much to get this team to be one of the best.

9 Georgetown

Surprise! Gone are Ewing (14.6, 9.2), the best player in the country last year, and standout forward Bill Martin (12.3, 6.2). But the Hoyas weren't a one- or two-man team. See if they don't benefit from all the subbing John Thompson did last year. Experience, talent, a winning tradition, and Thompson will take them a long way.

Remember, Wingate (12.4) and Williams (11.9) are the best wing men in the nation. Michael Jackson—a thriller at point guard, where he dished out 242 assists—gives Thompson a third starter.

Ralph Dalton, 6'11", a fifth-year man with a world of experience, is a possible replacement for Ewing, as is 6'11" sophomore Grady Mateen. Horace Broadnax and Perry McDonald have experience at guards. And Thompson has a great newcomer in big John Edwards, player of the year in New Orleans.

The Hoyas haven't forgotten what it takes to win.

10 Illinois

Lou Henson has a sound club that should challenge Michigan in the Big 10. The Illini play good defense—and defense is the only constant in basketball.

This team's only problem is consistency, a potentially fatal flaw. The Illini can be great and mediocre. Yet, there is no question they have talent and coaching.

Their four returning starters—forwards Anthony Welch (11.9) and Efrem Winters (10.7, 7.2) and guards Doug Altenberger (11.3) and Bruce Douglas (7.9)—all could be first-round draft picks. Center George Montgomery is gone, but Ken Norman is a more-than-capable replacement, as he proved when Montgomery was hurt last year.

They have added two classy freshmen in power forward Lowell Hamilton and guard Curtis Taylor.

Bruce Douglas didn't have a good season last year—and knows it. I think he and Winters will reach greater heights this year. Still, the bottom line is: Illinois could be very tough—or surprisingly mediocre.

11 Kentucky

New coach Eddie Sutton will have the Wildcats challenging for the SEC crown. Sutton is used to winning, and so are Kentucky fans.

Sutton inherits four starters from Joe B. Hall. Kenny Walker, a 6'8" senior (22.9, 10.2), is perhaps the leading candidate for Player of the Year. He is strong, he can shoot and rebound, he has great instincts, and he's quick to the ball. Joining him are forward Winston Bennett (7.2) and guards Ed Davender and Roger Harden, the latter a great assists man.

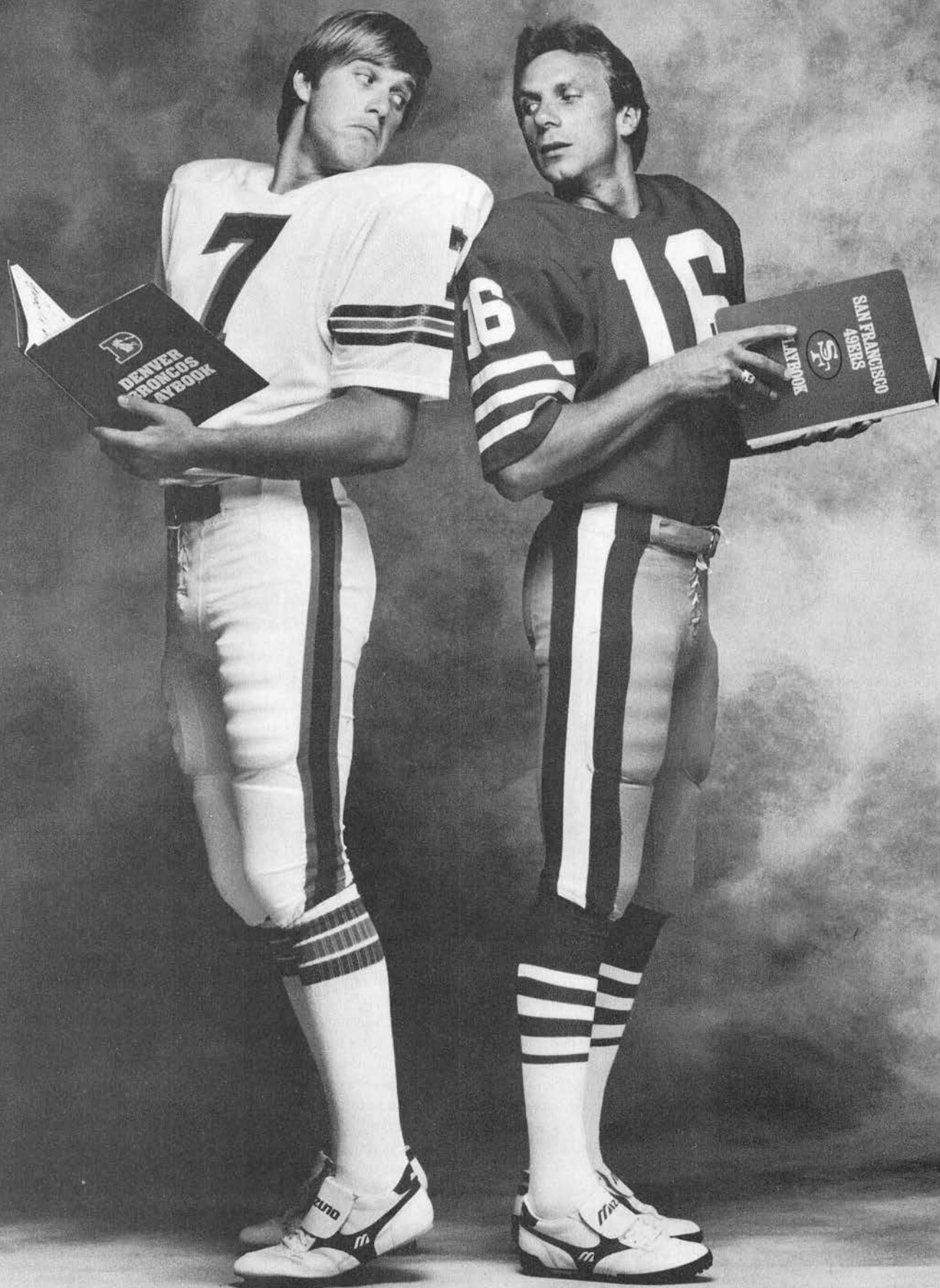
Guard James Blackmon, who never came into his own last year, is capable of igniting a team.

The bottom line here is: Who ever heard of a poor Kentucky team? Look for the Cats to regroup and be strong from start to finish. They have tradition, talent, coaching, and a great supporting cast—their fans.

12 North Carolina State

Jim Valvano's Wolfpack lost a lot in Lorenzo Charles, Cozell McQueen, Spud Webb, and Terry Gannon. But don't cry for Jimmy V. He has talent and the ability to get the most out of it. N.C. State is loaded, and Jimmy is smiling.

Swingman Nate McMillan (7.6) and forward Russell Pierre (6.6) are the only returning starters. But there is talent in high-scoring



QUARTERBACK SNEAKS.

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freshmen Walker Lambiotte, a guard/forward; Charles Shackelford, a center/forward; Chuckie Brown, a forward; and Kenny Poston, a swingman. Plus, 6'11" Chris Washburn, one of the best in the country, is expected back after disciplinary problems last year as a freshman.

If Washburn can stay eligible, consider the possibilities. After all, the Wolfpack made it to the NCAA regional finals last season without him.

13 Virginia Tech

I look for this team to keep improving. I can't say enough about guard Dell Curry (18.2), probably a first-round pro pick. He is sound in all phases, a player you never get tired of watching.

Other returning starters are 6'10" center Bob Beecher (11.8, 6.2) and forward Keith Colbert (10.8, 6.1). Gone are forward Perry Young (18.5, 7.4) and guard Al Young (8.5), a good assists man.

But they return some promising reserves, including Roy Brow and Dave Burgess, who will fight it out for the center spot, and forward Phil Williams. And they've added a couple of excellent newcomers, Johnny Fort, a 6'6" transfer, and Tim Anderson, a 6'6" freshman.

Call them the Gobblers, call them the Hokies. But whatever you do, call them tough.

14 UNLV

Jerry Tarkanian will have his Rebels runnin' from baseline to baseline, but they do more than just run. Jerry will give his jaws a workout as he chews on his towel. But opponents will be in for a workout, too.

Richie Adams and Spoon James are key losses, but Fred Banks (12.6) is back at guard with Armon Gilliam (11.9) and Anthony Jones (13.3), who left Georgetown, at forwards.

Jerry is never short on talent. He has brought in kids who can play, including forwards Jarvis Basquiat and David Willard and guards Stacey Cvijanovich, Mark Wade, and John Welch. Tarkanian doesn't depend on size but on quickness, shooting, and ball-handling. Las Vegas is the class of the Pacific Coast Athletic Association.

15 Navy

All starters return from the team that advanced to the second round of the NCAA tournament. No longer is Navy a surprise team—a powerhouse is more like it.

Consider the front line of 6'11" David Robinson (23.6, 11.6), 6'7" Vernon Butler (18.4, 9.1) and 6'6" Kaylor Whitaker (13.6). Robinson, one of the best big men in the country, was fourth nationally in field goal percentage (64.4), seventh in rebounding, and 13th in scoring.

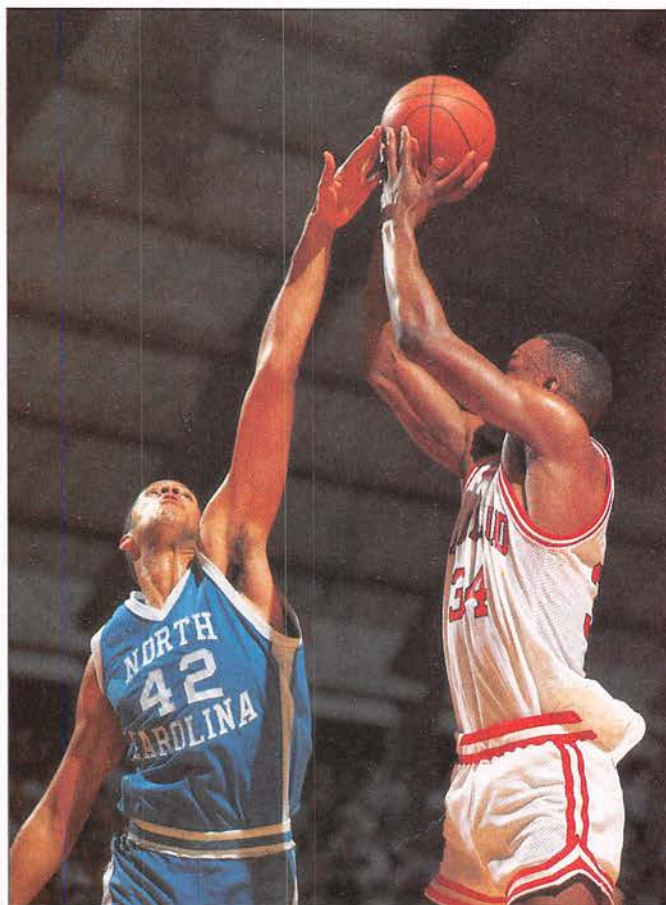
The guards are 6'4" Cliff Rees and 6'1" Doug Wojcik.

Navy was first in field goal percentage and third in scoring margin last season. This is no longer an unknown team. It is a newcomer to the elite, and from all indications, it is here to stay.

16 LSU

The Tigers' 19-10 record last year was misleading, because they were 13-5 in the rugged SEC. Their first-round NCAA loss to Navy was considered a great upset only because no one realized Navy was a pretty fair team.

LSU lost 6'8" standout Jerry (Ice) Reynolds but returns 6'8" center Nikita Wilson (15.0, 6.9), and most importantly, 6'8" sophomore John Williams (13.4, 6.6). Any team with Williams must be reckoned with. Though he didn't have as great a year as he might have, he is one of the best in the nation. Coach Dale Brown considers



ACC opponents will have to shoot over 6'11" Daugherty, and outlast a deep Tar Heel bench.

Williams his best recruit ever, and LSU fans say he's the best since Pete Maravich.

Guards Don Redden (9.7) and Derrick Taylor (9.0) also are keys.

LSU's greatest asset might be depth. And with the W & W boys up front, LSU will put a lot of W's on the board.

17 Oklahoma

Wayman Tisdale (25.2, 10.2) is gone, but the Sooners aren't. They'll be back after losing to Memphis State by two points in the NCAA regional finals.

Tisdale will be difficult to replace, but four starters return, including 6'5" forward Darryl Kennedy (15.6), who scored 34 points against Kansas when Tisdale was held to a career-low eight, and fine guards Anthony Bowie (13.4, 184 assists) and Tim McCalister (13.2, 87 steals). David Johnson, a strong 6'8" forward, didn't score heavily (8.7) last season. Yet, this junior was the team's leading scorer on a five-game tour of the Pacific this summer.

The key figure in Billy Tubbs' plans is a newcomer, 6'9" Ronnie Roberts, a junior college player from Independence, Mo. He won't score as much as he did last year, when he was one of the nation's top three jucos (20 ppg., 9 rpg.). No way he'll duplicate Tisdale's stats, but he's a great, quick, all-around player.

Their incoming freshmen probably won't help them right away, nor will they get much production from returning reserves. That probably won't worry Tubbs, who likes to go with his five starters. Look for Tisdale's former supporting cast to come into its own.

18 Notre Dame

The Irish came on strongly at the end last year, finally falling to North Carolina in the second round

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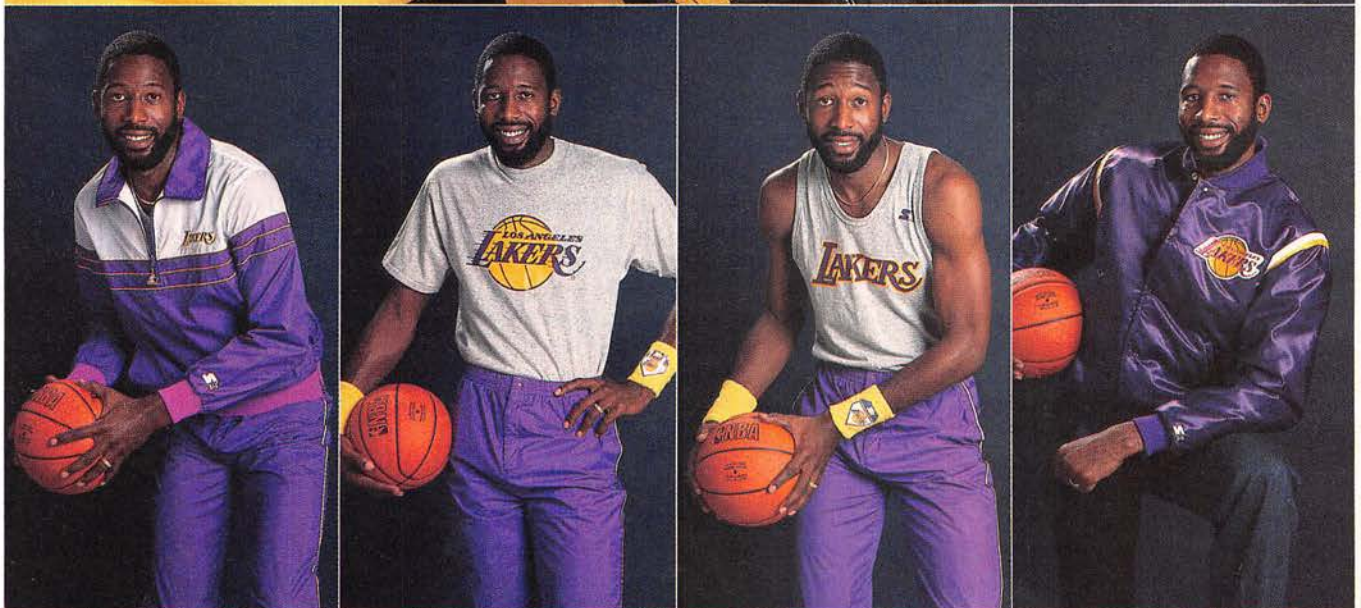
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of the NCAA Tournament. This year Digger Phelps has a winner, though his schedule is much more difficult. Notre Dame's record might be the same, but it will have a much better team. Maturity and experience will help refine the talent, especially that of sophomore point guard David Rivers.

Five starters return: center Tim Kempton (7.1, 4.8), forwards Donald Royal (9.1, 5.5) and Ken Barlow (14.6, 6.5), guard Scott Hicks (8.8), and young man Rivers (15.8). Royal finished strongly, and Rivers . . . well, once he learns to play under control, he will be one of the best in the country. He can do it all—beat you from the floor or with a driving layup, or draw people to him and then pass off for easy baskets. No wonder Digger smiles when he sees the ball in Rivers' hands.

And Digger added to his wealth by recruiting guard Mike Smith (22.3), all-state in Indiana; guard Mark Stevenson (23.1), a high school All-American from Philadelphia, and forward Sean Connor (28.4, 9.6), all-state in Illinois.

Digger is looking at a great year, but he'll have to beat some fine teams to attain his goal.

19 DePaul

The Blue Demons assuredly will improve their 19-10 record of last season. Yet they will feel the loss of forward Tyrone Corbin, a true leader, and point guard Kenny Patterson, a trusted ball-handler.

Last year included some disappointments, and the coaching change from me to Joey probably had an effect on the team. But now the transition is over. Joey has his feet on the ground. He knows his team and the team knows him.

DePaul will need a much better year from 6'9" junior Dallas Comegys (11.7, 4.5), who has spent considerable time in the weight room. Marty Embry, a 6'9" center, is much more valuable than his stats (8.3, 6.4) indicate. Forward Kevin Holmes must come back from a disappointing junior year (7.0, 4.3). Ditto for swingman Tony Jackson (7.8). It will also be an important year for 6'11" senior Lemone Lampley, who faces a now-or-never situation.

Keep your eyes on the backcourt. It's possible you'll see freshmen Rodney Strickland and Terence Greene together. Strickland, a delight to watch, reminds you a lot of David Rivers with his ability to control a game. Coaches in the East tell me Strickland will be the best guard DePaul has had. Greene, a 6'3" All-America defensive back in football, doesn't shy away from contact on the court.

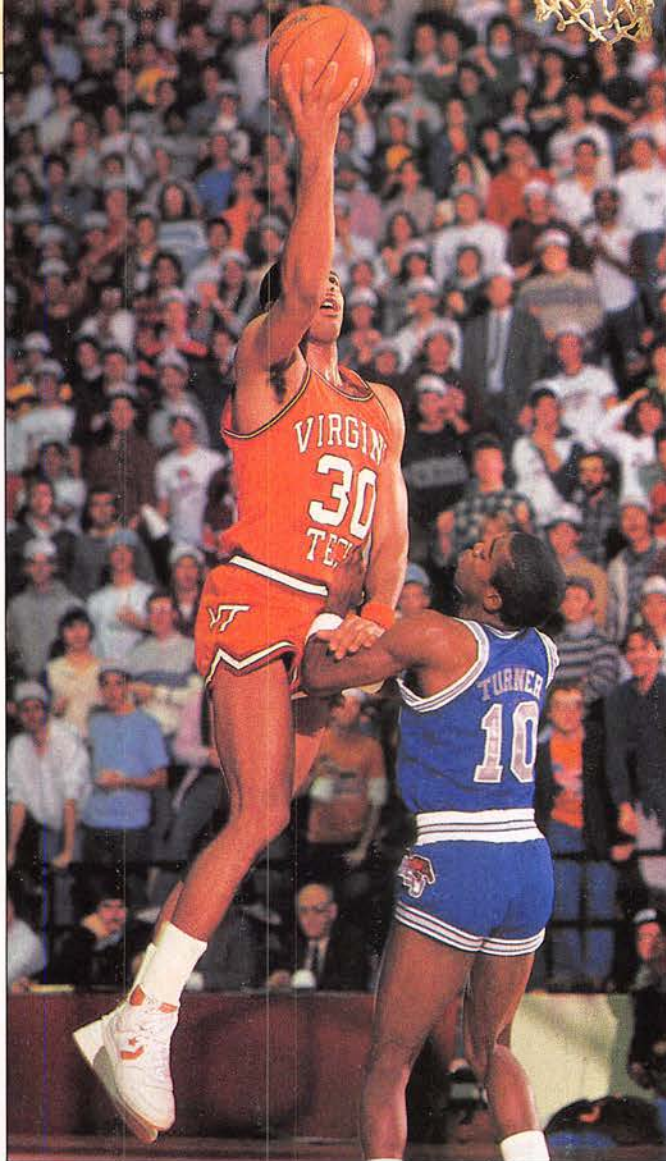
20 Memphis State

The Tigers return everybody but their star of stars, 6'10" Keith Lee. Who can forget how Memphis State made the Final Four, only to be vanquished by Villanova in the semifinals after Lee fouled out with 10 minutes left?

Memphis State will have to overcome adversity and turmoil after having aspersions cast on its program. But perhaps it will bring the team together.

The Tigers are loaded with local talent, showing only two of 12 players from outside the Memphis area. Junior center William Bedford, at 7'0", one of the best big men in the nation (12.2, 7.6), should do better statistically with Lee gone. Point guard Andre Turner (11.4) was 20th nationally in assists with six per game. A name you have to like is Baskerville Holmes (9.6, 5.9), a 6'7" forward.

The Tigers have one of the country's better players in 6'5" swingman Vincent Askew (8.4), who averaged 4.9 assists. Other key returnees are 6'3" Dwight Boyd, who might start at guard, and 6'9" DeWayne Bailey, who might replace Lee.



Call him a Gobbler or a Hokie, Virginia Tech's Curry is a tasty backcourt treat.

Coach Dana Kirk brought in three fine freshmen: 6'5" Vincent Robinson, Alabama's Mr. Basketball with 32 points and 18 rebounds a game; power forward Marvin Alexander, 6'7" and 235 pounds, and 6'5" Rodney Douglas.

Footnote: Remember that Keith Lee at times was brilliant and at times mediocre.

Sleepers

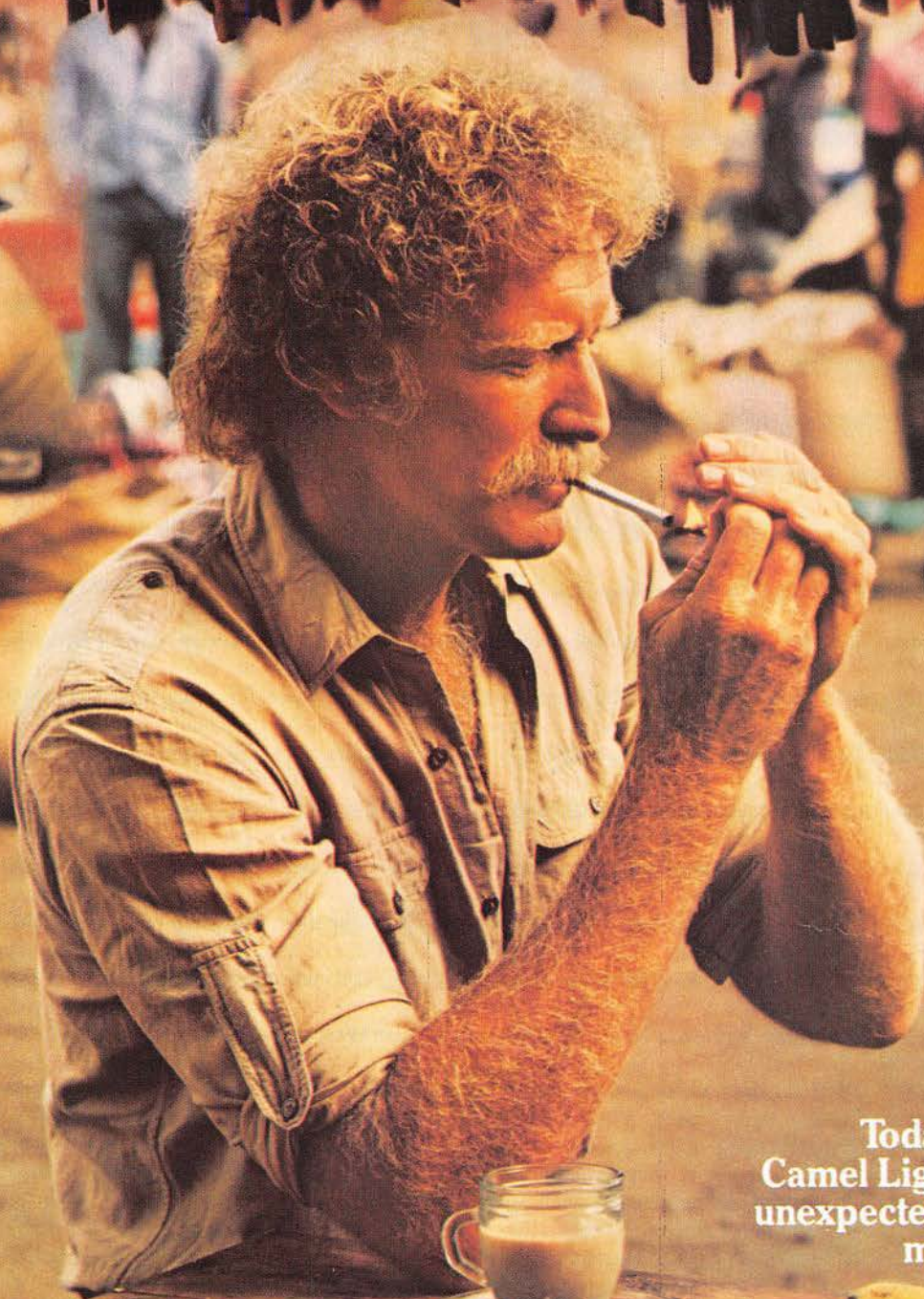
Start with Indiana, which played 20 games overseas this summer. For the first time in their history, I believe, the Hoosiers are bringing in several junior college players. Those players are unknown, but Bobby Knight's coaching isn't. As long as he's there, Indiana will be tough.

Old Dominion finished strongly last year and has three starters back. Houston is a possibility. St. John's faces a big rebuilding job, but Walter Berry is a great one to build around. Arizona State lost a lot of talent but had a great recruiting year and should be a factor in the Pac-10. Iowa could surprise a lot of people. George Raveling has a couple of seasons under his belt at the Hawkeye helm, and his team has talent. ■

RAY MEYER is no longer head coach at DePaul, but after 42 sometimes frustrating, sometimes rewarding years at the Blue Demons helm, he knows a little about sure things and sleepers.

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ROUTES TO THE TOP

By JAY STULLER

Run properly, a crack NFL passing scheme is a concert of speed, motion, timing, and a dash of deception.

ON A TEAM THAT CAME AS close to perfection as did the 49ers last season, there are few things about which one can carp. However, San Francisco's curmudgeonly football beat reporters found a target in Renaldo Nehemiah, a man who hasn't exactly been a bull's-eye for Joe Montana's passes. They've repeatedly proclaimed coach Bill Walsh's "Nehemiah experiment" an abysmal failure.

Granted, Nehemiah is not the second incarnation of Bob Hayes. In the three years since the world-record-holding hurdler left track to test his National Football League fortunes—playing the game for the first time since high school—he's caught only 43 passes for 754 yards and four touchdowns. And when the 49ers traded up in the first round of this year's draft and picked Mississippi Valley State wide receiver Jerry Rice, the press gave the speedster what in essence was a journalistic unconditional release.

Ah, but a closer look at Nehemiah's 1984 performance—18 receptions, 357 yards, 2 TDs—is intriguing and revealing. For example, early in the season an observant viewer would have noted that when Dwight Clark snared a 20-yard pass, Nehemiah quite often was among the first on-field Niners to pat him on the butt. By midseason, Nehemiah's presence on the field during such plays seemed far too frequent to be coincidental, and by the end of the season the correlation—for anyone bright enough to notice—was obvious.

Following the draft of Rice, Walsh suggested that he might retain five wide receivers

By watching today's sophisticated NFL passing game on TV you'll see who's making all the catches—but you'll miss all the action

in 1985, just to keep Nehemiah around. "A lot of the public and press discounts what he does for us," said the 49ers coach. "I could not see us letting him go. There would be 15 teams ready to claim him."

So what is it that Nehemiah does? Explains an admiring Los Angeles Raiders head coach Tom Flores, who like Walsh recognizes attributes in players that other coaches, scouts, and reporters with *cranius simplis* miss: "It doesn't matter whether Renaldo Nehemiah drops the ball five out of 10 times." (Which, by the way, is not a Nehemiah weakness.) "The mere presence of his speed commands respect, as no defensive back wants to be the one left behind when he does haul in the bomb." And this, of course, helps open the field for other 49er receivers.

In other words, Walsh and Flores agree, Nehemiah makes things happen, even if it doesn't show in his personal statistics. His role in clearing out and stretching the defensive secondary is, in the scheme of a good NFL passing attack, as important as the blockers who protect the quarterback.

Lest you think serving as a decoy is an ignoble task for a professional receiver, consider that on virtually every Raider passing play at least one man takes a bombs-away

route. And while this is the extreme—an upshot of Los Angeles' "vertical" philosophy of offensive football—the tactic reflects the numerous nuances of the professional passing game. What you see in close-up television replays—a burner getting open on a great move—ain't necessarily the full story.

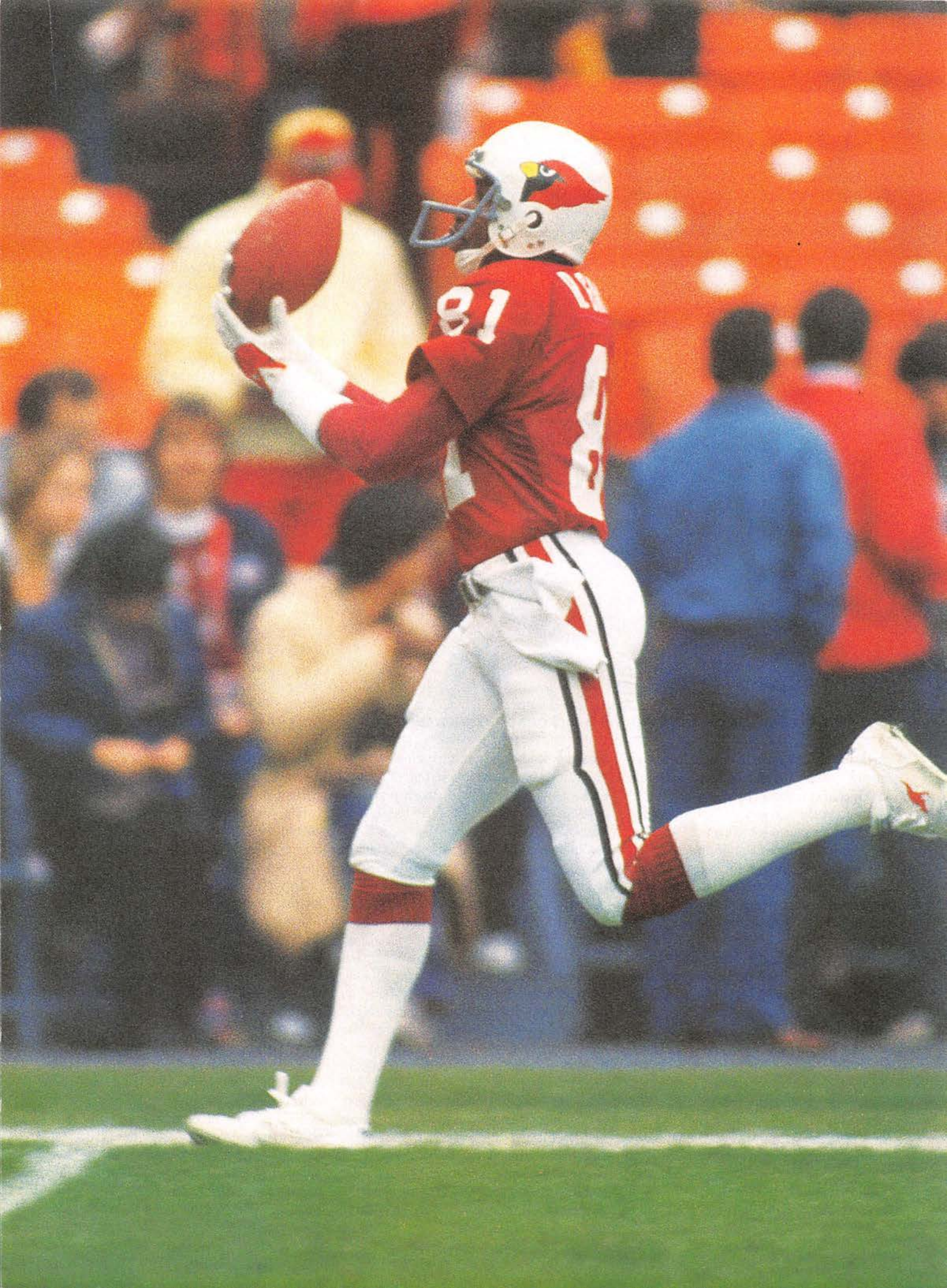
Of course, the ability of a receiver to get downfield, juking his navel like Madonna and leaving a defensive back naked before the world, is the keystone for a successful pass play. But, as in basketball, the action occurring *away* from the ball often makes the climactic moment possible. A Larry Bird, for example, will step up and set a pick behind the man guarding Danny Ainge, allowing the latter to burst to the baseline where he receives a pass for a wide-open layup.

Likewise, San Diego Chargers receiver Wes Chandler will run a route that takes him 25 to 30 yards deep, but it's designed specifically to open a clear lane for Charlie Joiner, crossing only 15 yards beyond the line of scrimmage. It is this mobile misdirection, a concert of free-form artistry, that is perhaps the most wondrous sight in football.

Unfortunately, it's also an aspect of football that many fans miss. In the stadium, one is compelled to follow the ball, and the unfolding pass routes are perceived only peripherally. Television cameras also focus on the ball during live action and isolated replays, although with the increasing use of "chalkboard" devices, fans are getting a better look at the subtleties of certain plays.

But for the most part, we fail to see the incredibly intricate and exciting chesslike facet of the game. Right out in the open field, if you only look for it, is a marriage of a coach's thinking in designing the routes, and the skill of players in executing the concept. And in today's passing game, the designs of

Green's speed gives the Cards the quickest route to six points.



the coaches may be as important as the players' abilities.

“WE HAVE SOME ATHLETES with tremendous strengths as receivers,” says Walsh, “such as Dwight Clark’s size and good hands in traffic, or Freddie Solomon’s deceptive speed, and we like to play into those things. But the real strength of our passing game is not our players, but in each

today’s wide-opening passing game as opposed to that found in the early 1970s, when pro football became a game only Woody Hayes could love. The most distinct change is in the sheer volume of passes now thrown.

This trend was stimulated when the NFL’s rule-makers moved the hash marks closer to the middle of the field in 1972, which did away with the sideline’s “12th defender” quality. Then came rules that liberalized holding by offensive lineman,

power—fullback-type blocking in short-yardage situations—Walsh was spurred to play guard Guy McIntyre in the backfield during the NFC Championship Game and Super Bowl.)

This clearly represents a monumental strategic evolution in professional football. On the other hand, players such as Elroy Hirsch, Bob Waterfield, Raymond Berry, and Johnny Unitas would probably feel quite comfortable with the *tactical* aspects of modern pass routes. Since the passing game truly came of age in the 1950s, the mechanics of individual routes really haven’t changed.

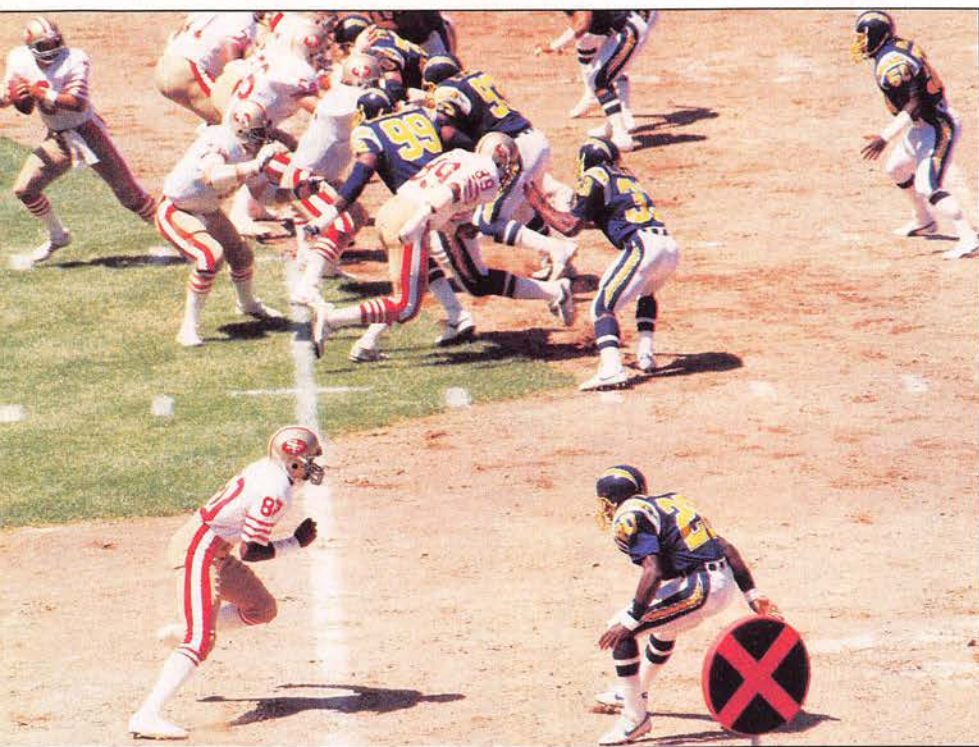
IN THE BEGINNING, OF COURSE, there were no pass routes. The forward pass wasn’t legal in football before 1906, and until 1933 the passer had to be standing at least five yards behind the line of scrimmage to throw, which severely limited run-or-pass deception. The passing game also was limited by, of all things, macho overtones. Many of the influential giants in football history thought teams that relied on passing were cowardly poofies, if not outright degenerates.

Pop Warner believed the forward pass should be outlawed, calling it “wild, promiscuous football.” To Warner’s way of thinking there was something ethically wrong with a team that threw deep, gambling “on a percentage basis, if one of these connects, they will fluke a touchdown and win the game. That’s what I’m against. I think a game of football should be decided strictly on merit.” Merit, of course, came from repeated off-tackle thrusts. Trickery was OK, but you had to keep it on the ground.

Passing was also limited because early footballs weren’t pieces of precision athletic equipment. Watermelon-shaped and nearly as big, they could at best be lobbed and floated end-over-end. After the Pleistocene era of football, such passes weren’t again seen until the arrival of Billy Kilmer.

The arrival of the T-formation in the 1940s further changed football; its quick-hitting running plays enabled quarterbacks to better disguise passes, using play action to give receivers critical seconds to maneuver downfield. Moreover, three receivers were usually deployed, instead of just the two ends common to the old single wing.

In addition, since the best athletes were generally placed in the offense, the defensive secondary frequently was forced to try and double-cover the most dangerous receiver. The best defensive back cannot consistently stop a receiver in man coverage; the offensive player always has a micro-second edge because he knows where he’s going. And even a skilled receiver who is not necessarily fast—as was the case with Miami’s Twilley and the Raiders’ Fred Bile-



The 49ers' short game can take the heart out of a defense.

play itself. Every route is designed for maximum efficiency, to take as much advantage as possible of a particular defense.”

This thought is seconded by David Shula, who coaches Miami’s receivers. “You need personnel with individual ability, and what you can use in your system starts with their talent. But it is often the routes themselves, run by several receivers, that will unfold to suddenly open up a lane for a flanker, a tight end, or halfback.”

Great receivers like Mark Clayton and Mark Duper can make any passing play more effective, but it’s the X’s and O’s, says Shula, that allow those talents to flourish. “Although we’re obviously throwing more today because of Clayton, Duper, and Dan Marino, our basic passing playbook really hasn’t changed since the days when Csonka and Kiick were running the ball so much. With them, Bob Griese just didn’t have to throw the ball as much.” But the plays that spring the two Marks clear are virtually the same routes once run by Paul Warfield and Howard Twilley.

There are, to be sure, differences in

took the head-slap from the defensive line-creatures, and handcuffed the defensive back’s God-given right to smack receivers anytime and anyplace before the ball is thrown.

Consequently, quarterbacks started throwing more pitches a game than Nolan Ryan. In response, defenses adjusted by playing the “nickel” formation, installing five defensive backs—and sometimes more. With fewer pass-rushers, of course, offenses could in turn send out everything but the interior linemen and the kitchen sink. The playground credo of “Everybody go deep” is suspiciously present in today’s NFL.

In fact, as NFL defenses started playing deeper, prevent-type zones to stop the aerial attacks, running backs became primary receivers, instead of mere safety valves. And since pass-catching runners have proven so useful, many teams with two-back offenses are essentially putting two halfbacks on the field, making the classic fullback almost obsolete. The 49ers tandem of Wendell Tyler and Roger Craig provides a classic example. (As a curious aside, San Francisco so lacks

nikoff—can use positioning and body leverage to get himself open. “A defensive back will play closer to a slow receiver,” says Flores, “which the smart receiver can use to his advantage.” To again cite the basketball analogy, it’s why Larry Bird can get around much quicker defenders.

Hence, the zone defense was developed, coming to the fore in the 1970s. Teams didn’t need exceptionally talented defensive backs to smother a receiver corps. And until the 1978 rules changes that liberalized passing, the zone had started to suffocate the long game.

FOR ALL THE EBB AND FLOW IN NFL strategy, the basic, individual pass routes run by today’s receivers are not much different from routes Bill Walsh scratched in the Los Angeles dirt as a child in the late 1930s. This should be no surprise; the jabs and crosses thrown by Joe Louis are technically much the same as those unleashed by Larry Holmes. There are only so many fundamental ways to get away from a defender.

According to Walsh, each 49ers receiver must know about 20 basic pass routes. Ernie Zampese, assistant head coach of the Chargers, says it’s about the same for San Diego receivers. As noted in the book “Gameplan: The Language and Strategy of Pro Football,” by John Riggins and Jack Winter, there are only about 30 routes that can conceivably be run, with variations coming in how far downfield the receiver goes before making a move or break.

These routes, which include a basic curl, hitch & go, deep quick, square out, acute out, and so on, are models of simplicity. But mix and match them with three, four, or five receivers, and the combinations are infinite.

Furthermore, while anyone can sketch such pass routes, coaching talent tells in designing a combination of routes that can exploit a weakness in a specific defensive set. For instance, one wide receiver will take a strongside cornerback and safety deep, pulling double coverage, while a flanker cutting across the middle draws the interest of the strong-side linebacker, leaving a hole for the tight end. It sounds simple, but must be run with absolute precision, and at the right time.

The complexity now found in NFL pass routes can be traced back to two coaches, Paul Brown and Sid Gillman. This pair is largely responsible for the notion of running intricate and intelligent routes created especially to beat a certain defense. Through the 1960s and early 1970s, Brown and Gillman influenced a generation of assistants, several of whom are today heading professional teams.



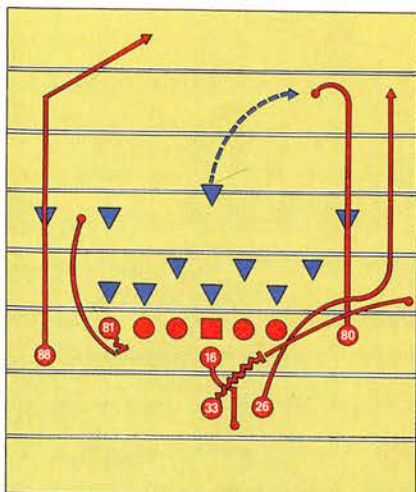
WHERE EVER WE LOOK in Jack Daniel’s Hollow, there’s a bit of Christmas in the air.

Jack Bateman (he’s the boss of our rickyard) is getting a nice gift from two of his barrelmen friends. And if we know Mr. Bateman, he’s got a gift for them somewhere close at hand. It’s just another sign that the Christmas spirit has arrived. And, no matter where you live, we hope you’ve got it, too.

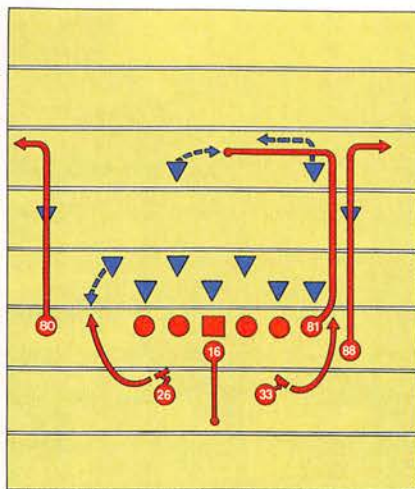


CHARCOAL MELLOWED DROP BY DROP

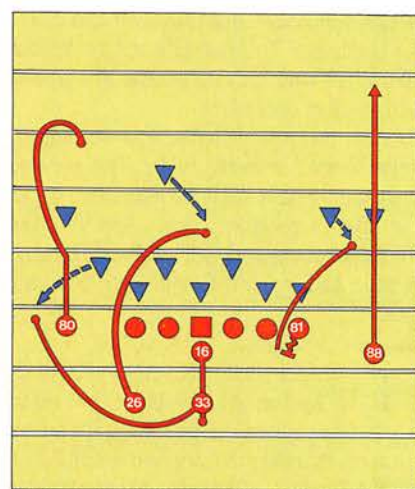
49er Routes To Look For



The 49ers' bread-and-butter play starts with a play-action fake to Craig [33] and ends with a pass to Craig in the right flat to ensure an eight-yard gain.



Red Right 24 Double Square Out is designed to get one-on-one coverage for both Rice [80] and Solomon [88] by having Francis [81] occupy the two safeties.



Brown Right 70 Cross Hook is designed to get fullback Craig solo coverage with a linebacker. Francis delays before running his route into the right flat.

Starting in 1968, Walsh spent eight seasons under Brown, where he worked in developing quarterbacks Virgil Carter, Greg Cook, and Ken Anderson. Walsh also developed the habit of working out pass routes in advance on paper, drawing the scheme for his quarterbacks and receivers, and describing the sequence of options. The players would run it on the practice field, watch films of the session to help them better visualize the concept, and then practice again against one defensive set, then another, and another, mastering the variables. This detail is what enables Walsh to develop what looks like an entirely new play on Saturday, and have the 49ers running it flawlessly on Sunday.

Most, if not all, NFL teams use what's called a "passing tree," a means of plotting out the various routes for wide receivers, backs, and the tight end. The routes are numbered, and when called in sequence, each receiver will know whether he is to run a 20-yard deep quick, or a 15-yard turn-in. The tree also is a guide for the quarterback; during the play he sequentially scans the tree, searching for the open man.

But this also is only a beginning, because receivers are increasingly given options to change routes to match the coverage, which often isn't apparent until the ball is snapped. The options are, of course, decided in advance; if the wide receiver faces a man shading him to the inside of the field, he and the quarterback have drilled enough to both read and recognize that this calls for a break to the outside, no matter the original route called.

A few receivers, such as St. Louis Cardinal Roy Green, can read the defense before

the ball is snapped. "I feel I can make the adjustments quicker in my head than most receivers, because of my previous play as a defensive back," says Green. This is what makes Green and Cards quarterback Neil Lomax such an effective duo. In fact, Lomax was such an Evelyn Wood in reading defenses—thanks to his experience as a "Run and Shoot" thrower at Portland State—that for a time he was cutting his drops short and throwing too soon even for the speedy Green.

Surprisingly few attempts are made to isolate a particular offensive man on an individual defender, a watchword 20 years ago. Coaches rarely try to force a linebacker to cover a speedy back or receiver, or set up a tight end to use his size advantage on a defensive back. While quarterbacks still pick on rookies, Walsh stresses that matchups are a fairly low priority. Better defensive talent and modern, complex defensive sets—particularly with all the situational substitutions—have generally erased such physical opportunities.

Although pass routes are basically the same throughout the NFL, each team goes about using them a little differently. "This reflects the thinking of coaches, trends in the game, and the personnel on a given team," says Walsh. "Twenty years ago, people looked at Joe Namath throwing those beautiful long passes and figured this was the answer to creating the perfect forward-passing offense. But the trouble was, there was only one Namath."

In all sports there's a natural tendency for nonchampionship teams to try to copy what makes one team a success. And though

there are critics who still sneer at San Francisco's "nickel and dime" passing game—ethical and moral throwbacks, perhaps?—Walsh suspects you'll see more NFL teams using the shorter routes during 1985. "But that will be a mistake for most," he explains, "because our system is suited to our players."

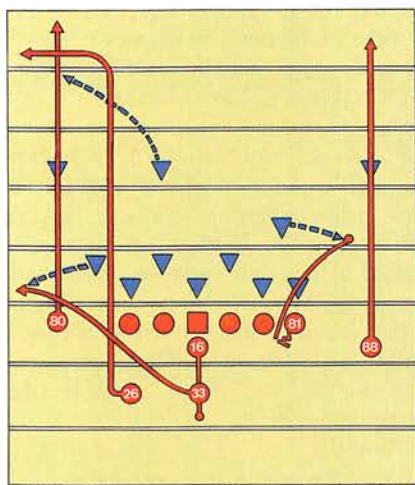
No one style guarantees Super Bowl titles. While defending Montana's short passes has been described by sports writer Larry Felsner as akin to "getting pecked to death by a duck," the Raiders also have had great success by stressing the over-the-top, low-percentage bombs. Nor are passing-game styles perfectly clear-cut. Tendencies and differences are a matter of degree.

Still, several NFL passing attacks have a distinct flavor, a blend of the talent on that team and the coaching philosophy behind it: **San Francisco**

There are two schools of thought as to what most demoralizes a defense. Like a James Worthy slam at the end of a Lakers fastbreak, the Raiders emphasis on the rifle-shot-in-your-face quick strike clearly causes defenders' socks to sag.

The San Francisco Mallards . . . er . . . 49ers, prefer to peck and peck, taking eight yards here, 12 yards there, almost toying with opponents. Their short, ball-control passing game, the "heart and soul" of which quarterback and receivers coach Paul Hackett says is between 10 and 15 yards downfield, is almost sadistically efficient. It too takes the heart out of a defense.

"We very much like to get a receiver deep and hit him," explains Walsh, who admits that if Montana has a weakness, it's in deliv-



Brown Right 78 Halfback Corner should get fleet-footed Rice one-on-one with a corner, and Tyler solo coverage with the safety. Rice, if not open, clears the left side for Tyler.

ering the bomb. Still, all Montana has to do is complete a deep strike to Nehemiah, Rice, or Solomon once every two or three games for the effect to linger in the minds of defensive backs. In fact, suggests Hackett, catching the pass isn't all that necessary. The sight of a receiver sprinting deep is burned into the memory of a defensive back viewing game films; from these dark thoughts flow myriad other opportunities.

Most 49er passing plays have what Walsh calls a three-tiered effect. "We'll frequently send one man very deep, another 20 to 24 yards downfield, and a third in the shorter range, 10 to 15 yards downfield," he explains. None is really considered the primary receiver. Montana merely follows his passing tree from the top branch down. "We really try to spread our passing around," says Walsh, "so each of our routes is designed to provide an equal chance of getting open. But I will say that if we do have a 'favored' receiver, it's our fullback."

Walsh has often made the argument that the fullback is *the* core of his passing game, and points out that during his years as an assistant at Cincinnati and San Diego, his fullbacks caught an inordinate number of passes. "He's the hardest receiver for a defense to account for."

Roger Craig, who has developed into an excellent receiver, is tailor-made for Walsh's passing game. But, surprisingly, those little flare routes he often runs are some of the most difficult in football. Many gun-armed quarterbacks have trouble putting touch on such passes, and there's something about the angle—perhaps running laterally—that makes the toss tough to hold.

Still, this is a 49ers bread-and-butter play (see diagram, far left), and one to watch for during the season. At the snap, Montana will fake a play-action to Craig. Rice will streak downfield from the strong side and head for the post, while tight end Russ Francis will follow into the left flat. Clark will cut from the right side across the middle, drawing the safety, while Wendell Tyler follows, running a split upfield. Craig, unaccounted for, moves into the right flat, where he'll have enough running room to ensure a five- to eight-yard gain.

Another thing the 49ers do better than nearly all other NFL teams is work the "backside" of a pass route, particularly if the point where a zone is being flooded is covered, leaving Montana nowhere else to throw. Montana's uncanny ability to scramble, find receivers, and make the pass on the run gives his team an extra dimension.

"We actually work on routes that flow from the point when a play breaks down," says Walsh. "We'll run drills where Joe will hold the ball, and develop general guidelines on what receivers should be trying to do in the event of a breakdown." On most teams, such a situation means the receivers break to the ball, but with San Francisco's experienced pass-catching corps, both Montana and his

receivers read the defense and react in various ways. It is wrinkles such as this that make San Francisco's passing game the most sophisticated and detailed in football.

San Diego

If the 49ers have the best NFL passing game, the San Diego Chargers aren't far behind. Since Don Coryell took over as head coach in 1978, the Chargers have obliterated league passing records. But do they also have sophisticated, broken-play pass routes, where the receivers move to appointed spots while the quarterback scrambles?

Ernie Zampese, San Diego's assistant head coach, laughs at the question. "You ever see Dan Fouts try to run?"

If Joe Montana pecks at defenses like a duck, Fouts runs like one. On the other hand, Montana can only dream of having an arm as powerful as Fouts'. And, indeed, San Diego's offense is heavily laden with quick, "timing" pass plays that take maximum advantage of its quarterback's rifle.

The Chargers routes take them upfield a bit farther than San Francisco's; most balls are caught 18 to 22 yards past the line of scrimmage. "We don't go over the top quite as often as the Raiders, New England—or shoot for quite as many big plays as has Miami in the past two years," says Zampese.

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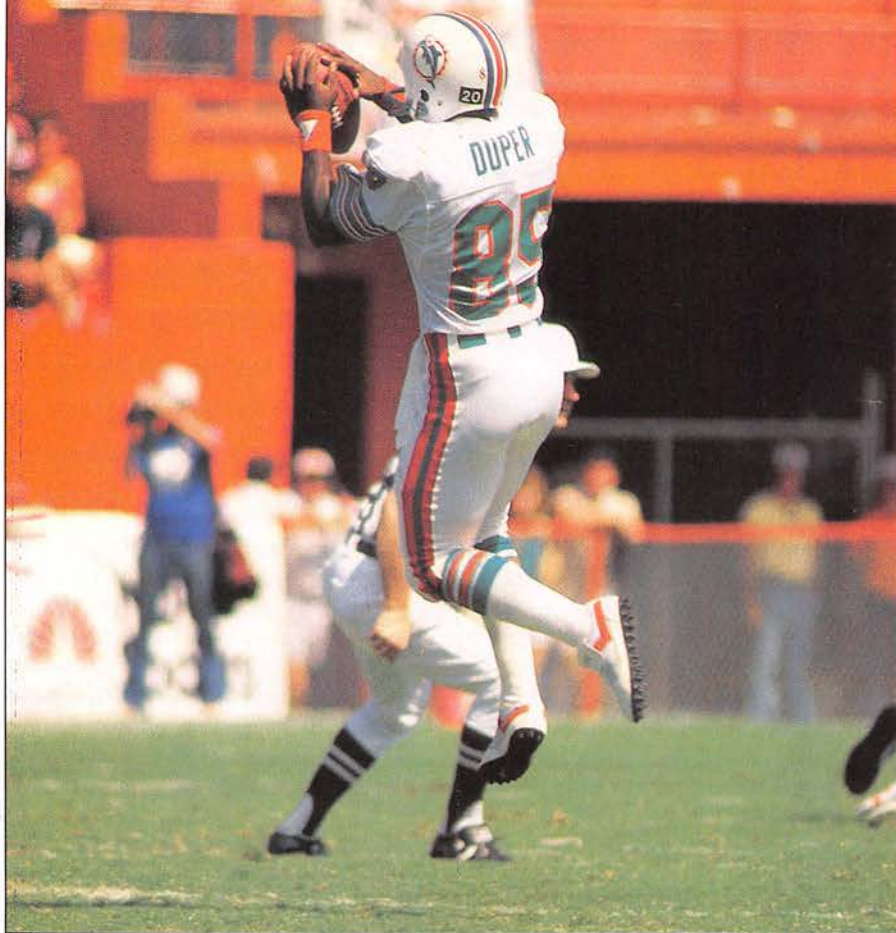
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Super Duper forces defenders to set up deep, giving Miami room.

"So I guess you could call ours a midrange, ball-control passing attack."

San Diego's pass routes are designed specifically to use the talents of Fouts, who despite his lack of agility, does drop back quickly. In fact, when Coryell hired Zampese, Joe Gibbs, and Dick Hanifan in 1979, the trio of assistants charted every Charger play from the previous two seasons and tossed out everything that wasn't successful. Left were quick tosses in which the ball often leaves Fouts' hand before the receivers even make a cut.

Because of this, the Chargers will probably always have serious problems with backup QBs. Their passing system is finely tuned for Fouts. "You simply have to live and die with your No. 1 man," says Zampese. And because of Fouts, the Chargers see quite a bit of man coverage. "It's become a big part of the game in the past couple of years," notes Zampese, in part because of the success of Raider cornerbacks Mike Haynes and Lester Hayes.

"This has changed what we're looking for in receivers," he adds. "Before, we looked for Charlie Joiner types, who could read the zone defense and find holes and seams. But now, with the press coverage, the nickels and six or seven defensive backs, we need more raw athletic talent."

What should the fan look for when San Diego has the ball? "I think the most exciting

thing is watching Fouts take a real quick drop and suddenly fire on his fifth step, right toward an area where there are several converging defenders," says Zampese. "Just when you think he's forced it into a bad spot, a hole will open and one of our receivers will be right in the middle, pulling in the pass. That's the result of a well-timed route, but it works only because Fouts has the supreme confidence to read those defenses and drill it in there."

Miami

Miami has pass patterns geared to various yardage situations, says David Shula. "These routes are designed to get a player open in one of several target areas. We've also got patterns for three-step, five-step, and seven-step drops by the quarterback. And on the longer drop, Marino should have at least three choices in receivers."

As if Clayton and Duper weren't enough for Dolphin opponents to worry about.

Nonetheless, Shula says that Miami considers anywhere from 10 to 25 yards downfield its primary ground for artillery shots. "We're fortunate to have the quarterbacking and receiving talent to work that 20- to 25-yard area, because it pushes the defensive men back. You'll notice that defenders set up 15 to 18 yards deep on our people, which really gives us room underneath."

For all of Miami's bombing—about 80% of last year's NFL highlight films seemed to be

clips of a greedy Marino launching more rockets than the Russians in Afghanistan—the team has not made good use of the consequent shorter opportunities. "We haven't hit the backs as much as we should, just to keep the defense honest," confesses Shula. "We'll probably pay more attention to that during this season."

What to watch for from Miami? Well, since everyone is aware of Clayton and Duper, Shula suggests keeping an eye on Miami's tight ends in '85. "With so much attention focused on our wide receivers, those men running the support routes are certain to catch more balls. Our tight ends have good speed, so look for them cutting across underneath the deep pattern, right in the middle of the field."

St. Louis

Cardinals offensive coordinator Dick Jamison says his team's passing game is "kind of a happy medium. With the emergence of Neil Lomax and the speed of Green, we will try and go deep, but we're also looking to hit our running backs going short. In our division we see an awful lot of zone defenses, with 30 fronts. This forces you to go to those backs coming underneath. And when you play 10 or 12 of your 16 games against teams with that kind of defense, it tends to influence the type of passing team you become."

Jamison says he likes to scheme against one particular area of a zone. "That's our target, an area where we might send two, three, or even four receivers. We'll put too many people there for them to cover 'em all."

One developing element of the St. Louis passing game is how much latitude receivers are given in adjusting their routes. "Off the basic tree, we'll give them two or even three options, depending on the coverage," explains Jamison. "But the three are usually only on longer dropbacks." Still, it's up to Lomax to read the same defensive pages as his receivers. "Neil doesn't have one of the top three or four arms in the league," says his coach, "but he's got great anticipation and knowledge." And note that in '84, Lomax threw as many TD passes as Montana.

What to look for with St. Louis? Just watch Roy Green, says Jamison. Just watch Green catch. Just watch Green run. Just watch Green score.

Los Angeles Raiders

Attack football. That's what Flores calls it. "We don't let the other team dictate our direction," he says. "I'm a very strong believer in execution, rather than too much deception."

Although the Raiders prize going deep, they weren't quite as successful at it last year as in the past. Marc Wilson hasn't come to the fore as a quarterback, and Jim Plunkett is aging. But the latter still has the knack for dodging a rush, hanging in the

pocket, and giving Raider receivers time to work deep. And as Flores says: "We've always got a man deep as a threat. On every pass play someone's gonna be there."

This is the heart of the Raiders' "vertical" approach to offensive football, a trademark of the team since Al Davis coached the squad from 1963 through '65. Daryle (The Mad Bomber) Lamonica was the prototype arm for this philosophy, and in his younger years dart-thrower Snake Stabler could also bring the long pass. If you're stretching the defense vertically on the field, they can't cover everything else in between.

Of course, this is a risky strategy, an approach that would give most coaches job-security nightmares. On a percentage basis, the long pass pays low dividends. But with the Raiders, it's what the boss, managing general partner Al, prescribes. And both John Madden and Flores have capitalized on this philosophy.

For all the rumbling about vertical football, the Raiders have nonetheless long made good use of their backs as pass-catching threats, even before the 49ers "popularized" it. "We quite frequently use backs as primary receivers," says Flores, "and not just as the 'hot' man when the linebacker who would usually cover the running back blitzes. One year back in Oakland our fullback, Mark van Eeghen, who you wouldn't think of as a receiver, caught about 50 or 60 balls. We also made good use of Kenny King's speed by passing to him. And on the team today, Marcus Allen has the ability to run short- and intermediate-range routes, so we use the pass to get him into the open field."

The Raiders are one team that still shoots for physical mismatches, trying to get tight ends downfield. "Even though we no longer have a 6'6" tight end," explains Flores, "Todd Christensen is strong, and he's got the speed to go deep. Ever since Raymond Chester and Dave Casper, we've tried to go for the home run with the tight end."

If you're watching the Raiders this season, what else could one look for but the ICBM? "It might come on first-and-10 or third-and-two," says Flores. "It could be a wide receiver, a tight end, or even a back. But I guarantee we'll be going over the top." Bomb, baby, bomb.

Between the Raiders and 49ers you've got the long and short of pass routes. Each philosophy—and they are clearly distinct to the passing game—works when the routes are drawn by thinking coaches, and run by exceptional athletes. ■

JAY STULLER, a San Francisco free-lancer, can keep one eye on the ball, one eye on pass routes, and one eye on the cheerleaders. Jay's last piece for I.S. was on knee injuries in football.

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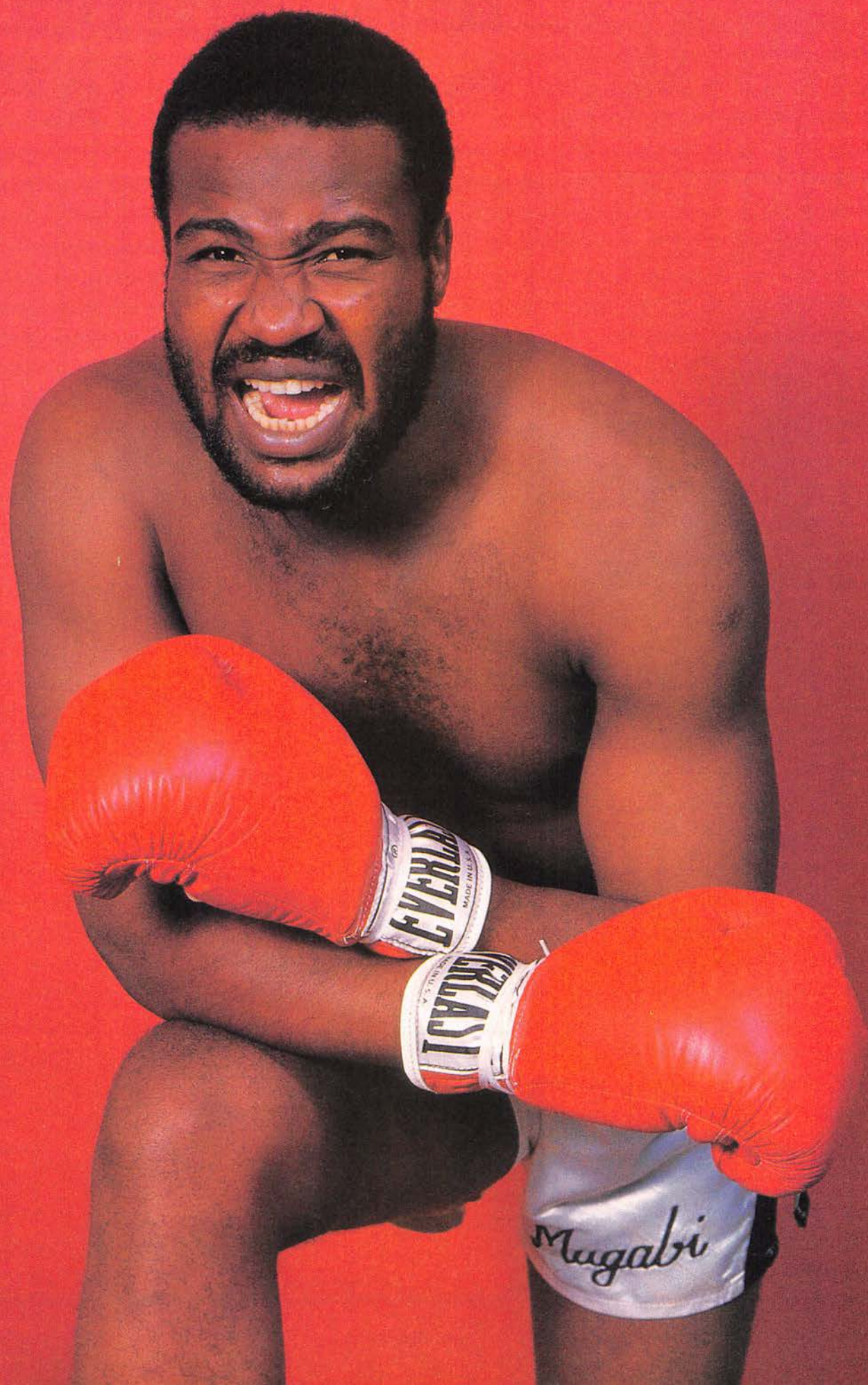
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THE BEAST

MEETS THE BEST

IT WOULD BE AN EXAGGERATION to say that Marvelous Marvin Hagler doesn't get any respect, but it might be fair to say that he has had to work a hell of a lot harder for it than many fighters with less ability.

An example? Well, in 1981 a sports writer polled 39 leading writers, fighters, and commentators on the outcome of the Larry Holmes-Gerry Cooney heavyweight championship fight. Holmes was a clear choice, but 14 of the 39—better than one out of three—gave Cooney a puncher's chance to take the crown from Holmes even though Cooney had never beaten a top-ranked contender. When the same 38 were polled [one had died in the interim] last year on the Hagler-Hearns fight, *only three* thought the five-year middleweight champ could *retain* his crown against a challenger who had never beaten a middleweight contender. Why, future generations of boxing fans may well ask, didn't Marvelous Marvin Hagler rate as much respect as Gerry Cooney?

You would have thought that Marvelous' marvelous victory over Hearns would have changed a lot of minds and erased a lot of doubts, right? Well, if you read the sports pages, you know it hasn't happened, has it? All that Marvin seems to have gotten from the Hearns fight is a couple of nifty Pizza Hut commercials and a tentative promise from the boxing establishment that if he keeps up the good work they'll consider mentioning him in the same conversations with Mickey Walker, Stanley Ketchel, and Sugar Ray

Robinson. In a sense, the Hearns fight has left Hagler in the same situation as the first Scotsman to climb Mount Everest: When the hometown folks heard about it, one simply shrugged and said, "It's all very well, y'know, but he's still got to come back down." Right about now Hagler must be wondering how many mountains he'll have to climb before gaining full acceptance.

Hagler's next cliffhanger could well be John (The Beast) Mugabi, the fiery young African junior middleweight who has beaten—knocked out, in fact—everyone he has ever fought. But gaudy as a 26-0 record looks, no one is fooled by it. Boxing is not baseball; winning 26 of 26 against select opponents is not so hard for a reasonably talented boxer who is handled well. There's no need for a reporter to do a poll for this fight; outside of Mugabi and his colorful manager, Mickey Duff, no one thinks Mugabi, who has never had to go 10 full rounds, can outpoint Hagler. As for a Mugabi KO victory, few think that even a beast can faze the man who took Tommy Hearns' bombs for three rounds. But nearly everyone *is* saying that Mugabi, despite his inexperience, might be the most dangerous opponent Hagler has ever faced, and that any letdown from the intensity of the Hearns bout could be disastrous. That's the way pro-Hagler people are phrasing it. His critics say it like this: If Hagler KOs Mugabi, that proves Mugabi was just an inexperienced kid. If Mugabi wins, then we were right about not ranking Hagler up there with the all-time greats.

John Mugabi has eaten alive all 26 of his scared-stiff opponents. On November 14, he gets his first true test when he tries to make Marvin Hagler KO victim No. 27

By ALLEN BARRA

Given that Hagler has so much to lose in the way of reputation (not to mention losing a possible title recognition from the WBA even if he wins) and so little to gain, why is he taking this fight? Several reasons, most of them obvious. For one, now that he's past Duran and Hearn, there are no more big-money opponents on the horizon, at least until Donald Curry decides to make his move. A match with The Beast, even (and maybe especially) if it's short, stands an excellent chance of being a rousing crowd-pleaser. For another, Hagler simply likes to

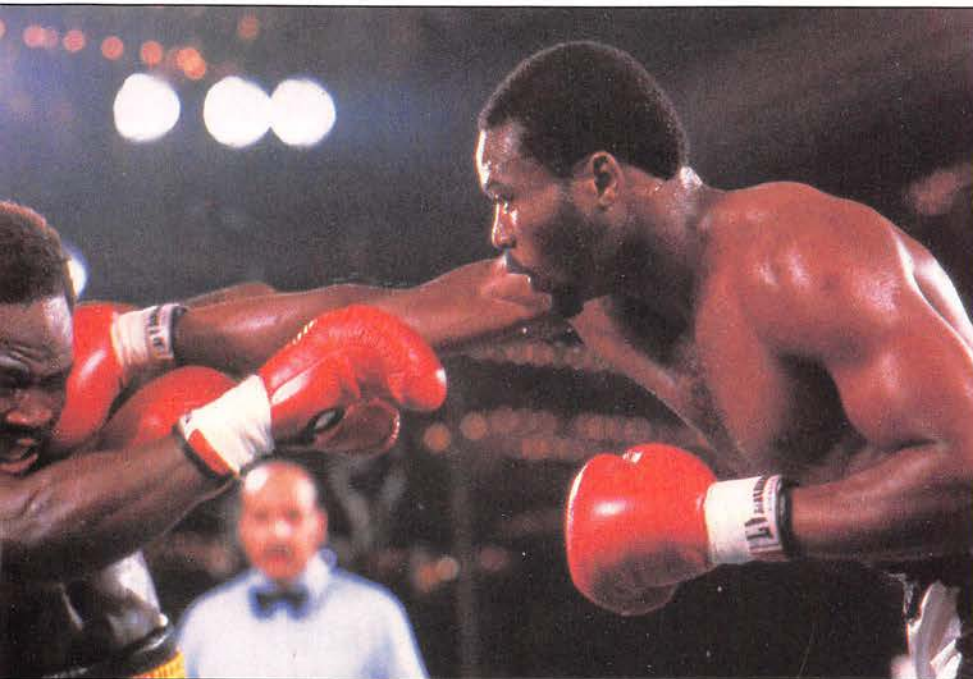
go straight for the champion and a box office jackpot.

Another logical match would have been Mugabi and Thomas Hearn. Guess, according to Duff, who didn't want the match. "John's eagerness to get in the ring with Hagler proves that he hasn't sidestepped and won't sidestep anyone," Duff was recently quoted as saying. "Hearn wouldn't get in the ring with him right now, he's got too much to lose. That's why he's backed down twice. [Hearn has, in fact, signed to fight Mugabi twice, and is still paying for walking

others." And the films reveal something else: Though he has a reputation for wildness when trying to finish off a stunned opponent, Mugabi can be startlingly accurate with long as well as short punches. Put it this way: He hasn't missed yet.

Hank Kaplan of *Hank Kaplan's Boxing Digest* was even more generous in his praise. "You expect big hitters to be slow," he told writer Sebastian Dangerfield before the Mugabi-James (Hard Rock) Green bout, "but this kid moves like a panther. He's quick. He's got quick feet and a quick head when moving in and out, and just watch his hand speed compared to his opponents'—it's like they're wearing ankle weights on their hands, or something. John Mugabi is no plodder."

Nor, apparently, is he without intestinal



The Beast's punching power cured the insomnia of 26 opponents.

fight, and Mugabi is the only credible challenger who seems eager to fight him. "You have to understand that about Marvin," says his longtime trainer and friend Goody Petronelli. "He *likes* to fight. He *likes* the Spartan routine, the monastic existence. It's his *job*. And that's what separates him from most other fighters around today, even the real good ones. The idea of ducking someone would never occur to Marvin. No matter who's in front of him, it's basically just another night's work."

The real question might be why John Mugabi and Mickey Duff are so anxious to go against Hagler, and their reasons may not be entirely dissimilar from Hagler's. First, money: Where can any middleweight go for the big bucks these days except Hagler? Mustafa Hamsho might be a tough chopping block for the young Ugandan, but who'd pay to see it? A logical match would be Mugabi and welterweight champ Donald Curry, with the winner getting Hagler, but it appears that neither Duff nor Curry's manager, David Gorman, thought it prudent to risk his rising star's chances on a contender when he could

out on the second match.] As for Hagler, John's ready now—why hold him back? He's a natural warrior in his prime, and of all the contenders for the middleweight crown right now, John has the best natural tools to beat Hagler."

He could have a point. All analysis of John Mugabi must begin with the fact that he is a magnificent natural specimen. He gives away perhaps an inch in height and reach to the champion, but no more, and is physically his match in every other area they're allowed to measure. And difficult though it may be to believe after watching Hagler render Hamsho and Hearn nearly unconscious, there are quite a few who have been watching Mugabi fight for the last two years who think he is actually the harder puncher. With *either hand*. "Listen," said CBS boxing chief Mort Sharnik more than a year ago, "this kid is no clown knocking over a row of clay pigeons. He can *hit*. I mean, *really hit*, and with both hands. It's hard for me to think of someone in recent memory who could really stun an opponent with a right or left like he can. Duran as a lightweight, maybe, but not many

'Watch Mugabi's hand speed compared to his opponents'—it's like they're wearing ankle weights on their hands.'

fortitude. In his bout with Green last year he was rocked hard for the first time in his career. Mickey Duff is quick to tell you there was a thumb eye involved in that brawl, and the films indicate he's right. But there were also half-a-dozen wicked right hands from Green, and they had The Beast sagging on the ropes like a stuffed animal. He survived Green's barrage, and though it took him about two rounds to clear his head and regain the offensive, he eventually stopped Green in the 10th round. It was a gutsy show against a seasoned vet by a fighter with only 51 rounds of previous professional experience. "I told you," Duff crowed afterward. "I told you he could take a punch! I told you he could go the distance!"

Of course, there's no reason why a young fighter with Mugabi's physical attributes *shouldn't* be able to go the distance, and going two-thirds of a fight after nearly getting flattened certainly indicates excellent conditioning. But taking a punch from James Green and taking one from Marvin Hagler are two different things. Hagler hits with pinpoint precision, and fighters with defensive flaws are his meat.

"I've never seen Mugabi take a backward step," says Bert Sugar, author of "The 100 Greatest Boxers of All Time" and former editor of *The Ring* magazine. "I like him. He's gutsy and exciting and he's a terrific

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puncher. But all I've seen him do is move straight in on his opponents. Is that all he can do? 'Cause if it is, then Hagler will eat him alive, 'cause if there's one thing Hagler does better than anyone in boxing, it's counter-punch and take apart those straight-ahead types. Mugabi's got to be able to move to beat Hagler, and I'm not saying he hasn't got the moves, I'm just saying I haven't seen them yet."

Sugar's analysis is probably correct: If Hagler masters The Beast it probably won't be to superior punching power or even

That being said, let's take a closer look at the 25-year-old who could be a combination or two away from upsetting the best fighter in the ring today. "When I start boxing," Mugabi told *The Tampa Tribune's* Tom McEwen, "in the club of the police, I was about 10 years old. I go because I see some people boxing. Big gloves and I think I like to box. I try it. I get beaten up and my mother told me, 'Why are you beaten up?' I told her and she told me don't go box."

But he did go back, and finally became, in his words, "the toughest guy in Uganda." He

the window, steal food, and come out. Can you imagine?"

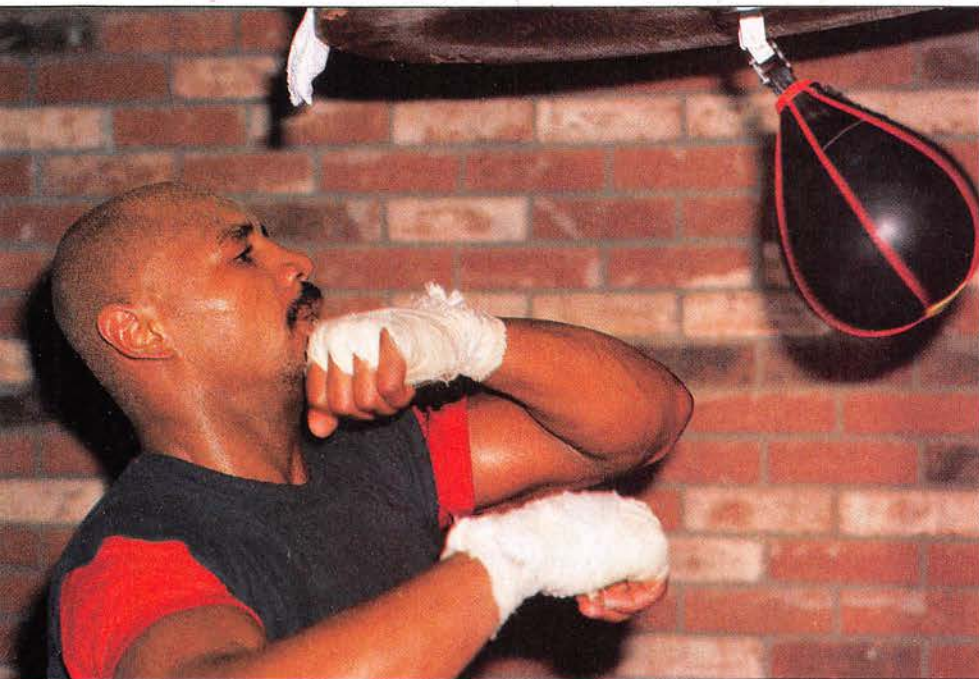
Duff hired trainer George Francis to begin smoothing out some of his black diamond's rough edges, and Mugabi has been on a collision course with the middleweight titleholder ever since. Duff, for his part, has paved the way with a crackerjack publicity campaign that has seen Mugabi—a boyish and quite affable young man outside the ring—score such coups as a mention in Liz Smith's gossip column ("Insiders say 'The Beast' makes Mr. T look like an altar boy taking tea!") and a mention in *TV Guide's* "Sportsview" ("They're Ducking 'The Beast!'").

Wisely, Duff and Francis haven't coddled Mugabi the way, say, Dennis Rappoport coddled Gerry Cooney. Despite Mugabi's lack of professional experience—only 69 rounds going into the Hagler fight, or two fewer than Hagler has fought since 1981—Mugabi has fought the grade of opposition a good young prospect *should* have fought in his first 25 fights. Though, in truth, the middleweight and junior-middleweight divisions haven't exactly been crammed with talent of late.

His last important bout, with Earl Hargrove on March 17, is a case in point. No one will ever accuse Hargrove of looking like Sugar Ray Leonard, but with a record of 25-2 and 25 wins by KO, it certainly seemed like a competitive match on paper. But fights take place on canvas, not on paper, and that's where Hargrove wound up for good after 93 seconds. Another first-round victim, Curtis Ramsey, had previously gone the distance with the likes of Donald Curry and Tony Ayala Jr. Most impressive of all was Mugabi's spectacular one-round flattening of his first "name" foe, the veteran Philadelphia club fighter Curtis Parker. Parker had previously gone the distance with Wilfred Scypion and twice with Mustafa Hamsho. And if Mugabi's fourth-round KO of Frank (The Animal) Fletcher was achieved at the expense of a tough trial horse, it certainly indicated the distance between Mugabi and tough trial horses.

Exactly what else it indicates is something we'll have to wait till November 14 to find out. Almost the only thing we can be sure of is that it won't be dull. If Mugabi doesn't fall apart the first time Hagler lands on the button, and if Hagler doesn't lapse into the curious torpor he evidenced in much of the Duran fight, then Hagler-Mugabi has the potential to be as exciting as Hagler-Hearns.

Since it's difficult (though by no means impossible) to envision a scenario for a Hagler defeat against Mugabi, it's probably not too soon to speculate on Hagler's place in middleweight history. Did you notice after the Hearns fight how many writers and commentators said things like, "Hagler



'No matter who Marvin faces, it's just another night's work.'

superior stamina. It'll be because Hagler has learned how to do all the small, dull things, such as slipping and blocking punches, pulling back from a punch at the same angle it comes at you, hooking off a jab, moving to the right as well as to the left, pacing himself, and throwing punches with a maximum of power and an economy of movement (not to mention switching from left-handed to right-handed practically in the middle of a combination). Writers have used oceans of ink to describe desire and heart and how boxing is a true test of wills. But there have been an awful lot of men with enormous hearts who never became great fighters, because they didn't know how to box. And there have been damn few great fighters who *didn't* know how to box.

So let's keep in mind three things: (1) Marvin Hagler is 31, an age at which most fighters start to show a little wear and tear; (2) Hagler has been cut in his last three fights; and (3) four-to-one odds or not, if you are ever going to give an underdog a puncher's chance, you might want to consider giving it to John Mugabi.

very nearly became the toughest guy at the 1980 Olympics, winning three straight bouts by KO and a decision before losing to an older and vastly more experienced Cuban, Andres Aldama, in the final. He returned to Uganda with a silver medal and found that he'd become a national hero.

In losing he attracted the attention of veteran British boxing manager Mickey Duff and his partner, German industrialist Wilfred Sauerland, who brought him to West Germany where he turned pro and was quickly tagged "The Brown Bomber" for his quick demolition of several nondescript foes. (When Duff decided that no fighter headed for big bucks in the United States should have the effrontery to use Joe Louis' nickname, "The Beast" became a suitable replacement.)

Duff was initially impressed by several things. One was Mugabi's poise and relative polish—partly the result of the superb amateur boxing framework set up by the British in Uganda. Another was his fearlessness: "He was a rough kid. There'd be parties at white homes. John was 10. He'd go through

doesn't really rank with the greats such as Sugar Ray Robinson *and* [emphasis mine] *Jake LaMotta*? The implication being that Jake LaMotta ranks with Sugar Ray Robinson as one of the best in the history of the division. (Al Certo, adviser to Hamsho, even went so far as to ask: "Do you know what Holly Mims would have done to Hagler?" Makes you wonder what kind of advice Certo actually gave Hamsho, doesn't it?)

I wonder when this started; I don't remember LaMotta placing high in any of the "greatest" lists I saw when I first started paying attention to boxing around 1960. I'm pretty sure that the current stock in LaMotta's reputation began with his myth-mongering autobiography and the Oscar-winning film version. I don't mean this as a knock on Jake, who earned his reputation in blood, but the facts show that LaMotta beat a one-armed Marcel Cerdan for the title, defended it in two lackluster fights, and lost it to Ray Robinson in a spectacular brawl recalled mainly for numerous clashes between Robinson's hands and LaMotta's head. In fact, Robinson whipped LaMotta soundly in four of five fights, so where does this stuff about "Robinson *and* LaMotta" come in?

I bring this up mainly to put a sense of historical perspective on Marvin Hagler's career. Those who say he hasn't had the quality opponents of a Robinson or Tony Zale or LaMotta are undeniably right, but does that automatically make Hagler their inferior? I mean *look* at the guy, for God's sake, look at his films, look at that body, watch him switch effortlessly from right to left, watch him shake off Hearn's bombs and continue to press forward; do you really think Jake LaMotta was so much stronger, or anywhere near as quick? Do you think the LaMotta that scored 30 knockouts in 106 fights would have found Hagler's chin so easy to shatter? Is it entirely inconceivable that Hagler has the tools to cope with LaMotta's bull-like rushes and cut him up the way Robinson did?

Marvelous Marvin Hagler is one of the three or four—maybe two or three—best middleweights of all time, and I *know* what he would have done to Holly Mims and all the Holly Mims of history. At this point, Marvin Hagler isn't competing with living middleweights so much as he's competing with the reputations of the greats. To win that fight means he can't let up against the likes of John Mugabi and Donald Curry, and I suspect that at this point that may be one of his prime motivations.

But that doesn't mean "The Beast" can't make it interesting on November 14. ■

Contributing writer ALLEN BARRA is known as both 'The Beast' and 'The Best' for the way he bulldogs a good story. His last piece for I.S. was on Grambling's Eddie Robinson.

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BABY BOMBER

By BILLY ALTMAN

“YOU DON’T MIND IF I DO A little detective work while we talk, do you?” asks Don Mattingly as he walks toward his locker after batting practice, prior to a game at Yankee Stadium. “No, not at all” is the response, and with that, Mattingly motions to one of the Yankee batboys, who proceeds to race out of the clubhouse only to return moments later, the top half of his body almost obscured by the dozen new baseball bats he’s carrying. “Just drop them over here,” says Mattingly as he wanders over to teammate Don Baylor’s cubicle and picks up what appears to be an oversize postal scale. “Now watch,” he says as he puts the scale down near the pile of white ash, “and you can be my witness, OK?”

With that, Mattingly and the batboy begin picking up individual bats, placing them on the scale, and recording the results. “You see this?” says Mattingly, shaking his head. “Every single one of these bats is either 33½ or 34 ounces, right? And do you know how much they’re supposed to weigh? Thirty-two ounces. Exactly. I thought these bats were feeling different.”

“Wait,” says the batboy. “This one’s 33—that’s the lightest one yet.”

“Yeah, naturally,” sighs Mattingly. “That’s because I shaved the handle down on that one the other day.”

“Hey, look,” says Mattingly, holding the heaviest one of the lot in his hands. “If you want to write this up, be my guest. And,” he laughs, “blast ‘em, will ya?”

Before the baseball bat manufacturers begin conducting an investigation, we should point out that the amateur sleuth in us has a strong suspicion that the solution to the Mystery of the Overweight Bats may very well lie not in the quality-control department of a factory but rather in the strategy head-

Don Mattingly isn't a big guy, and he uses a small bat in a compact swing, but he's the biggest thing to hit New York since Mickey Mantle

quarters of the fraternity of American League pitchers, who probably have spent the better part of the last two seasons coming to the conclusion that the only way to stop Don Mattingly is to sabotage his shipment of new lumber. After all, it is those danged little 32-ouncers that have helped propel Mattingly to the kind of heights rarely scaled by a player both so young and so relatively new to the majors.

To those who toil on the mound, all one can say is read ‘em and weep. At the ripe old age of 23, and in his first complete season as a New York Yankee, all Don Mattingly was able to do in 1984 was to lead the American League in hitting with an average of .343, in base hits with 207, in multihit games with 59, and in doubles with 44. In addition, he was among the league’s best in a host of other categories, finishing second in slugging percentage (.537), fourth in extra-base hits (69), fifth in total bases (310), fifth in runs batted in (110), and 10th in on-base percentage (.381). Even the high and mighty Yankee record book found it necessary to make room: Not since Mickey Mantle in 1956 had a pinstriper won a batting crown; not since Bobby Richardson in 1962 had a Bronx Bomber stroked so many hits; and not since Red Rolfe in 1939 had a Yankee banged out so many two-sackers.

After the season he experienced in 1984,

the logical question to ask Don Mattingly would have been what could he possibly have looked for as an encore. Were those numbers as intimidating to him as they most assuredly were to anyone trying to pitch to him?

“Well, in terms of numbers, I really have no definite goals,” Mattingly said early in the ‘85 season. “One thing I can tell you—I definitely didn’t go out there this year looking to win a batting title, or to drive in 110 runs, or to hit 30 homers. The important thing is consistency. What I want to do is to have the same kind of concentration and intensity when I play, and the same desire to win—to play the best I can each and every day.”

As the ‘85 season wound down, Mattingly was proving to be no mere armchair philosopher. Though an offseason knee injury and resulting arthroscopic surgery contributed to a sluggish start, he had raised his average to .309 by the All-Star Game. But it wasn’t until after the two-day players strike that he—as well as the entire Yankee team—began to catch fire.

In the first 32 games after the strike, the Yanks went 27-5 to move within a game and a half of Toronto. In those games Mattingly hit .371, scored 32 runs, hit 12 homers, and knocked in 32 runs. With a month remaining in the ‘85 season Mattingly was third in AL batting (.331), second in hits (178), first in doubles (40), sixth in home runs (28), first in RBIs (120), first in total bases (310), first in extra-base hits (71), first in game-winning RBIs (19), and second in slugging percentage (.577). Oh, yeah, he also went through 140 games without making an error at first base.

Ask retired Yankee batter par excellence and now team hitting instructor Lou Piniella about Don Mattingly, and the man they call “Sweet Lou” is only too happy to rhapsodize your ear off about his star pupil. “By far, Don has been the most talented young batter to come up through this organization in all the years I’ve been here,” says Piniella. “When



Mattingly's patient, disciplined style of hitting is reminiscent of Stan Musial.

you have the kind of patience he has, and the kind of short, compact swing to go with it—well, the ball must look like a grapefruit to him when he's up at the plate." Still, it's not the mechanics of Mattingly's hitting style that impresses Piniella the most. "The best thing about Don is all the little things he does instinctively as a hitter—things that can be talked about, but can't really be taught."

AS FAR BACK AS HE CAN REMEMBER, Mattingly says he could always hit a baseball. "I think that when I was nine, playing in Little League back home in Indiana, I hit about .500 or so," he says. "But I never thought to myself, 'Oh, am I a good hitter.' I just went out and played hard and tried to do well, and as I grew older, I began to become aware that there were a growing number of things I was learning to

do as a hitter, things that were helping me get better and better."

Ambidextrous as a youngster, Mattingly played shortstop and third base in Babe Ruth League games before settling in as a full-time left-handed first baseman during a glittering career at Memorial High School in Evansville, Ind., under the tutelage of coach Quentin Merkel.

With high school graduation near in 1979, Mattingly and his family mulled over several offers from colleges that had scouted him, as well as the prospects of the June amateur draft. "We really didn't know just how to play it, and no one was giving us any advice," Mattingly says. "So whenever any of the big-league scouts came and talked to us, we'd say that we weren't sure that we weren't going to take one of the college scholarships. Looking back, I suppose it was a mistake,

but the reality is that not many people are able to make it in baseball, and we thought that if we acted like I was going to go to college, maybe the offers would be better. I guess that scared some people off."

It would certainly seem so, seeing as how when Mattingly finally was selected in the June '79 amateur draft, it was in the 19th round. The Yankees—who, for the record, selected first baseman Todd Demeter as their first pick that year—took the chance that Mattingly's college talk might be a bluff, and wound up getting his signature on a minor league contract for the, in retrospect, almost-steal-of-the-century price of a \$22,500 signing bonus.

For the next few years, Mattingly diligently worked his way up through the minors, succeeding at each level. At Oneonta in '79 he hit .349 in half a season; in '80 he was

the South Atlantic League's MVP, batting .358 and driving in 105 runs for Greensboro; in '81 his .314 average and 98 RBIs garnered him the Yankee minor league player of the year award; and in '82, his last full year in the minors, he hit at a .315 pace for the Triple A Columbus Clippers.

Mattingly's methodical climb through the farm system had one giant hitch to it, though, and that was that this was the *New York Yankees* farm system. Because of owner George Steinbrenner's obsession with free agents, and general wariness of "unproven" talent, young ballplayers often find themselves waiting for a chance that just never comes.

"Quite frankly," Mattingly says, "I was figuring that the better I played, the better player they'd get for me in a trade, and the more a team gives up for you, the better chance they're going to give you."

After a short cup of coffee with the Yankees at the tail end of 1982, Mattingly came to New York's Fort Lauderdale spring training camp determined more than ever to try to force the parent club's hand. Although first base was still his favorite, and best, position, there already was a logjam there, with Roy Smalley, Ken Griffey, and fellow Columbus fugitive Steve Balboni all fighting for playing time—so Mattingly filled in at all three outfield positions, showed what he could do at first base if called upon, smacked the living daylights out of the ball during the exhibition season, and emerged as the 25th man on the team and winner of the James P. Dawson Award as the outstanding rookie in the '83 training camp. And, because of a few injuries, Mattingly found himself in the starting lineup, at first base, for the team's home opener against the Tigers, before a crowd of more than 55,000.

Unfortunately for Mattingly, the fairy tale trip to stardom was temporarily delayed, thanks to a dismal opening-day performance in the field, as Detroit clobbered the Yankees 13-2. One ground ball went right through his legs; another found him trying for a double play before he'd cleanly fielded it. And he was unable to handle two less than perfect throws from third baseman Graig Nettles. In late April, after some 27 days of service, the Yankees returned Mattingly to the Clippers. "Actually, I wasn't that disappointed," he says. "I was only 21 years old, I'd gotten only seven at-bats in about a month on the club, and I really needed to be playing somewhere."

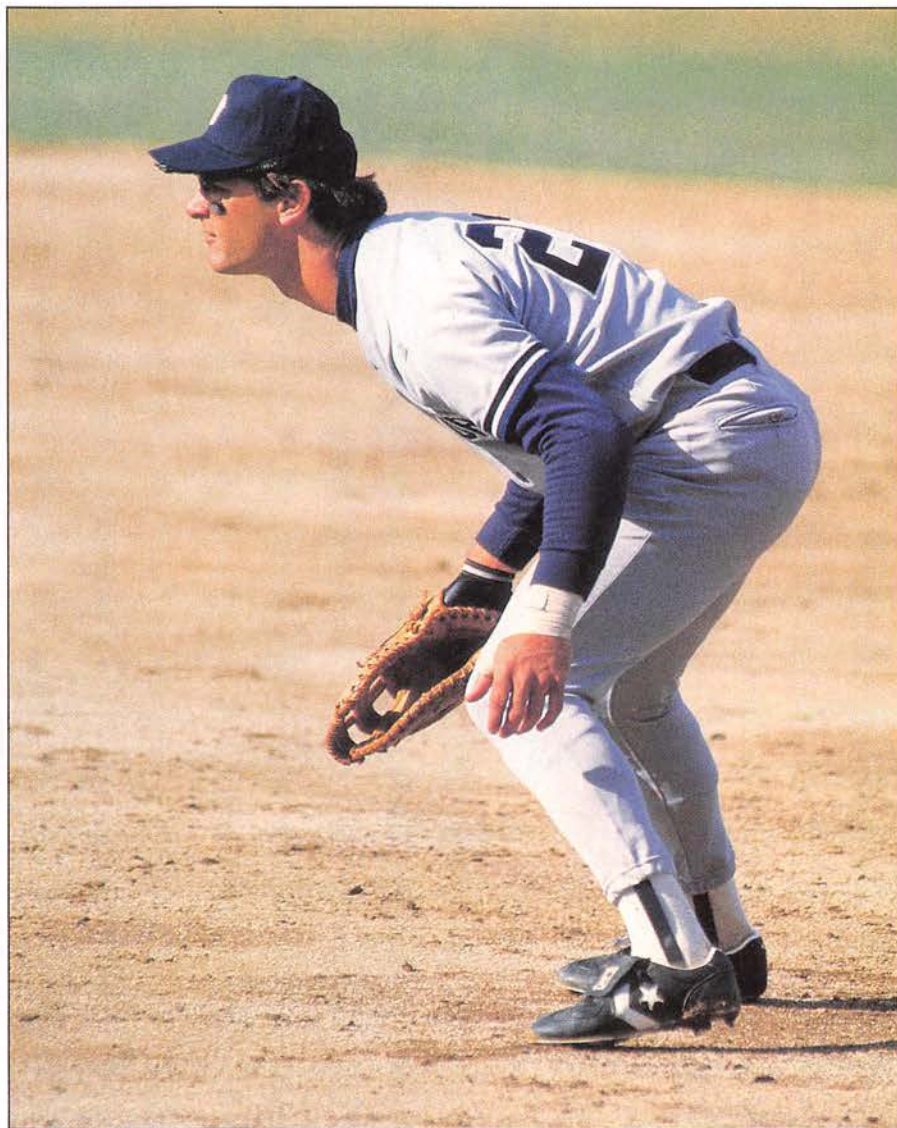
At Columbus, Mattingly continued hammering the ball (.340 in 43 games) while waiting for another chance to be recalled. When the June 15 trading deadline passed and Mattingly's status still hadn't changed, he expressed his chagrin to reporters. "I want to make a statement every time I play,"

he announced. "And I'm going to do it until I get my shot—with someone. But I would like to prove that you don't have to be a free agent to play for the New York Yankees."

ON JUNE 20, LESS THAN A week later, Mattingly got the word that the Yanks were bringing him up once again. Stadium favorite Bobby

a Yankee prospect," said Yankees broadcaster Bill White late in the '83 season. "He reminds me of Stan Musial, the way he carries the ball around. Pitch him outside and he goes to left with it; pitch him inside and he can pull the ball down the right field line. He's selective, patient, and disciplined. You can't really ask more of a hitter—young or old."

After the conclusion of the 1983 campaign,



'If I'm not having fun, it doesn't matter how much I'm making.'

Murcer had announced his retirement and Ken Griffey, one of Mattingly's early heroes, had twisted his knee and was on the disabled list. Given the chance to play, Mattingly wasted no time demonstrating his talents as a hitter and his versatility in the field. By the time Griffey returned to the roster, it was former shuttlemate Balboni waving bye-bye and heading back to Columbus, and the slumping Steve Kemp who was watching from the bench. Mattingly started 41 games at first, 48 games in the outfield, finished the year with a more than respectable .283 batting average.

"No one is even close to Don Mattingly as

Mattingly headed for winter ball, a rarity for a New York Yankee ever since pitching prospect Gil Patterson, who had been rated by team scouts ahead of Ron Guidry, had wrecked his shoulder in the mid-'70s playing winter ball in South America.

"I'd wanted to go there earlier in my career," Mattingly says, "but they wouldn't let anybody go for a while. But they said OK, and I was glad for the opportunity. They let me play every day and there were a lot of lefthanders in the league, which was great, because one of the things I wanted to work on was my hitting against lefties. I always thought I could hit well against them, but

Billy [once and future manager Billy Martin] was platooning me, and I wanted to show that I really could play every day."

Perhaps as an omen of the year to come, Mattingly, playing mostly first base for Caguas in Puerto Rico, won the winter league batting title, hitting a hefty .368 in 52 games, prompting team general manager and former Yankee relief pitcher Luis Arroyo to say: "I think Don will hit .300 if he plays regularly, because he can and does hit left-handers as well as righthanders."

As the Yankees began spring training in February of '84, the only trouble with Arroyo's prediction was that then-manager Yogi Berra wasn't sure he had a regular spot for Mattingly. Berra at first designated Mattingly as his "swing" man—the guy to fill in at first and in all three outfield positions. Undaunted, Mattingly let Yogi know that "once he puts me in the lineup, he's going to have a hard time getting me out." Sure enough, by the end of April, Mattingly had emerged as the team's starting first baseman, and was showing that his work in winter ball had not been in vain. Righties, lefties, it made no difference—Mattingly was hitting line drives everywhere, and was even surprising himself with some new-found power. Though he refused to categorize his increasing number of home runs as anything but "accidents," he

did allow that Piniella was getting him to pull the inside pitch with a little more authority.

"Really just weight-shifting," says Piniella now. "Don's learned to lean against and over his back leg so he gets a better weight shift as he swings through the ball. He rides that back leg, generates more power, gets his hands out, and pulls the ball more readily." Mattingly credits both Piniella and minor league batting instructor Mickey Vernon for teaching him about himself as a hitter.

"I've always had the same short, compact swing," he says. "In the minors, Mickey told me, 'Don't change anything; just get the big part of the bat on the ball—you can play in the big leagues right now with that swing, and you don't need home runs to do it.' Lou wanted me to make changes, but they've really been just minor adjustments to help me drive the ball more when it's in tight."

As the '84 season progressed, Mattingly began to earn new respect around the league as a feared hitter. Said Tiger catcher Lance Parrish: "When we first saw him in '83, he just tried to make contact, and he sprayed the ball around. Now, though, he seems to be able to hit the ball much farther, and to pull it if he wants to. When he's swinging the bat well, he reminds me of George Brett—he adjusts to whatever you throw him."

Adjust he certainly did. By July he had

made the American League All-Star team, and by the end of August he found himself battling teammate Dave Winfield for the league lead in hitting. The race went right down to the wire, and on the final day of the season Mattingly went four-for-five to Winfield's one-for-four to capture the batting crown, .343 to .340. In characteristic low-key fashion, Mattingly downplayed the competition all the way to the end. "What can I say?" he asks. "I'm just not the big celebrity type. I didn't feel any pressing need to get my name in the papers each day talking about what had happened in every single ball game. And, really, after striving to finally make it in the majors, the batting race thing was just a great unexpected bonus. It was an honor just to be involved in it, especially with a great player like Dave."

IF 1984 ENDED EUPHORICALLY for Mattingly, 1985 began like a nightmare. First of all, with his wife, Kim, on the verge of delivering their first child (a boy, Taylor Patrick, born on St. Patrick's Day), Mattingly was hoping to negotiate some kind of long-term contract with the Yankees. Mattingly's salary for '84 had been \$80,000, with incentive clauses for number of games played that netted him an additional \$50,000. After winning a batting championship, Mat-



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tingly was hoping for a substantial increase and some security. His status, though, as a player with less than two full years of service in the majors, was such that ultimately he was going to have to settle for whatever the Yankees wanted to give him, since he was ineligible for arbitration.

While negotiations slowed to a crawl, Mattingly found a potentially sticky situation made worse when, in mid-February, he hurt

cised their option and forced the contract of their choice on Mattingly—a one-year deal with a \$325,000 base and incentive clauses potentially worth another \$125,000—a bitter Mattingly uncharacteristically blasted team management. “It was their hammer this time,” he said. “Next time it’ll be mine.”

Apparently, the Yankees had offered Mattingly a two-year deal worth roughly \$1 million, and Mattingly had turned it down. The

and when it came time to back up his talk about me and Darryl, he didn’t do it.” The next day, though, Mattingly read a formal retraction to the media.

“I don’t want to create the impression that I’m unhappy with this contract, because I’m not,” Mattingly said on March 10. “I don’t want to be one of the players who fights with George in the papers. It’s just not my style.” On his end, Steinbrenner said that he “still thinks Don Mattingly is a fine young man,” and that the outburst was attributable to “youth and the stress of being hurt and ready to become a father for the first time.”

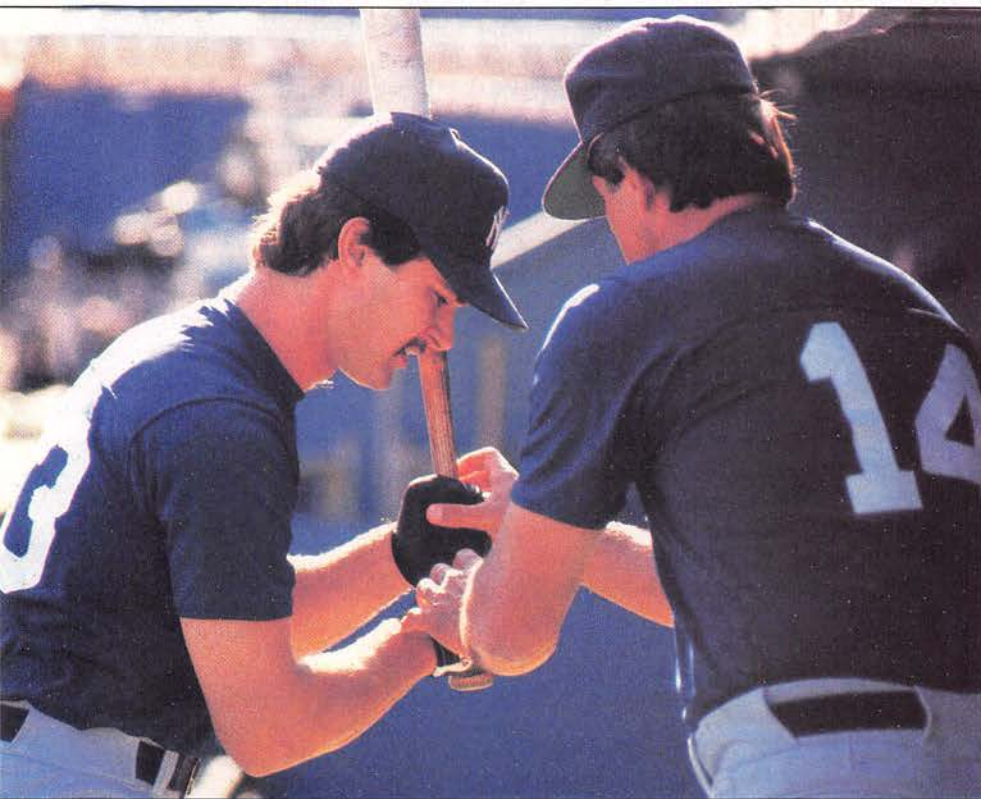
Mattingly says he won’t discuss the contract problem anymore. “It’s over and done with, and I’m glad,” he says. “For my own sake, I have to separate the baseball end and the money end. I mean, I still have to make sure that I’m concentrating on the game and still having fun out there. Because if I’m not having fun playing this game, it really doesn’t matter *how* much I’m making.”

Asked to comment on a statement he’d made last year about not really feeling like a personality, even though he was a star player for the New York Yankees, Mattingly said: “I guess it’s funny, but I still don’t see myself as any celebrity. When you say that word, I think of a guy who goes on talk shows or goes into places where the owner’s a good friend and everybody knows him—stuff like that. I’m just not geared that way. On the field I’m proud of what I do, but when I go home I hate to be more than just a ballplayer and a husband and father.

“Actually,” Mattingly admits, “there is one specific goal that I set last year that carried over for 1985. I want to see how many balls I can hit hard per game. If I get up five times, I want to try and hit five balls hard, somewhere. If I can do that, I know the hits will come. I think all good hitters feel the same way; you try not to give away any at-bats. Overweight bats, yes,” Mattingly jokes, “but at-bats? Never.”

“You know, the last few years baseball really dominated my life,” Mattingly said. “You’re thinking, ‘I need to make it,’ and you worry all the time about your career. But now it’s different. I think it was really a matter of being accepted. I always felt I could play in the majors, but it took last year to really prove it once and for all. And now I don’t think I have to prove anything. I can go home and it doesn’t matter if I got no hits or four hits, because I know that if I stay healthy and stay strong, I’m going to do fine, because I’m confident in my abilities.” Even with a two-ounce too heavy bat in his hands. ■

BILLY ALTMAN, who covers baseball for the Village Voice, agrees with Mattingly when he says he doesn’t care how much money he makes as long as he’s having fun.



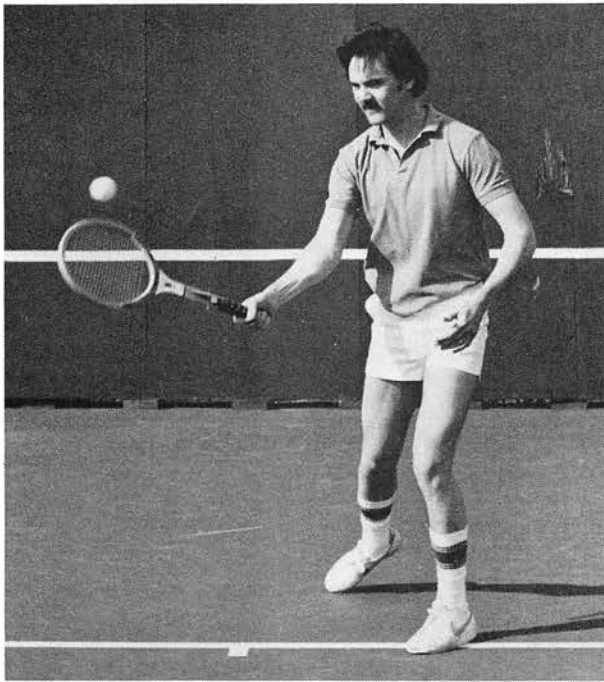
Batting coach Piniella [right] taught Mattingly a home run swing.

his knee and wound up having to undergo arthroscopic surgery. “I was lifting weights at a fitness center back home,” he remembers, “and I was working on a lower-back machine where you bend over a bar and have weights stacked on your back. I guess I just went too far and hyperextended [the knee], but you always feel some tightness in the knees with that machine, so I just kept working out. Anyway, the next day, I woke up and I could tell something was definitely wrong, so I called the doctor, had it examined, and was told that I’d suffered some torn cartilage and needed an operation.” In late February, Yankee doctor John Bonamo performed the arthroscopic surgery on Mattingly’s knee, and though the operation was successful and wasn’t deemed anything major, Mattingly confesses that “I’d be lying if I said I wasn’t scared.”

The knee injury not only prevented Mattingly from taking part in much of spring training, but it also severely damaged his bargaining stance with the Yankee front office. On March 9, after the Yankees exer-

Yankee front office claimed that Mattingly’s agent was playing games. “They wanted to wait until Gooden [Mets Rookie of the Year Dwight Gooden] signed to see what he got,” said a miffed George Steinbrenner. “So when the Mets signed Gooden for \$325,000, we said, OK. But then they changed their tune and wanted to talk about Strawberry. Well,” continued Steinbrenner, who only months before had loudly proclaimed that, as far as he was concerned, Mattingly was the best young player in town—not Darryl Strawberry, “I can’t help what the Mets do. They have four of the top 10 salaries in the game.” The Mets, you see, had given Strawberry a multiyear contract, similar to the one Mattingly’s agent was trying to get for him, but Steinbrenner wanted none of it. “Farmers in Indiana are losing their farms and steel workers are out of jobs. They understand money, and so do players—eventually.”

“George was the one who mentioned Gooden,” insisted Mattingly in defense. “We just let it stand. All I remember is that last year he kept comparing me to Strawberry,



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Brave New World

Despite all-world moves and jive, critics rapped World B. Free as a selfish loser. But to Cleveland he's brought joy and shining triumphs

IT'S SUMMERTIME IN BROWNSVILLE, USA. A wino sings to himself as he strolls down Mother Gaston Boulevard. Police cars never cruise in this part of Brooklyn—they flash and shriek in hot pursuit. An old woman will stop a stranger to say: “The Lord sent us rain last night. God bless you.” LaPalma Restaurant is on a corner on Pitkin Avenue. There’s Negrita’s Wines & Liquors, Farm Fried Chicken, and Mamas Fried Chicken.

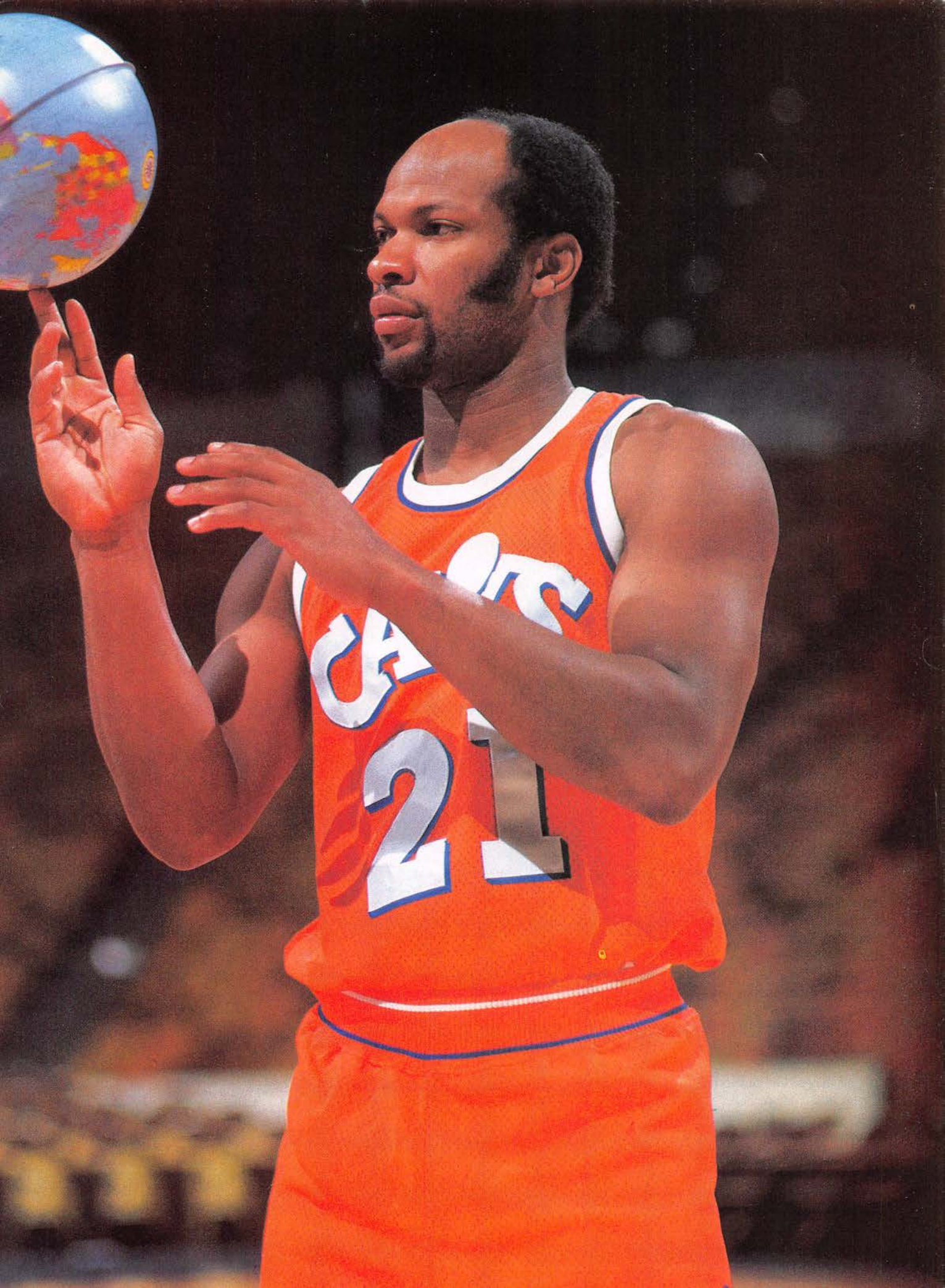
High up in apartment 15G in the tallest of the Glenmore Plaza projects, one mother’s living room is a shrine in honor of her children. Mrs. Earlene Free is always gracious and loving, even when times are bad. Nowadays, her son Joe is a cop. Of her daughters, Sandra is a bank executive and Gloria a professional singer. But the trophies and the plaques, the huge charcoal portrait done as a memento of the 1980 NBA All-Star Game—all these belong to Earlene’s youngest son, christened Lloyd B. some 32 years ago. And mounted immediately atop a bookcase in the foyer is a globe of the planet Earth.

“I love living here in Brownsville,” says Mrs. Free, “and I’m proud of all my children.”

ON HIS WAY TO THE PLAYGROUND, World B. Free ambles past “The Brownsville Branch,” a brown-brick library building long since given over to lawyers’ offices. Around the corner, a red-rusted Chevy rests on four cinder blocks. Free instinctively taps the keys in his pocket—his own car is safely parked near the bus stop. Back east, Free mostly drives a black Mercedes-Benz with the sides painted silver to mimic a Rolls-Royce. Free’s real Rolls is a 1983 Silver Cloud that he drives only in Cleveland.

“Growing up in Brownsville was a great experience,” says Free. “If I die and come back, I’d do it all over again. In Brownsville I learned how to be slick, how to lie, how to tell if someone’s lying. If I get bad feelings about a person, I’ll talk to him right now, and then I’ll never see him again. A knucklehead from the suburbs would keep on talking to the guy, and that’s when he’d get ripped off.

By Charley Rosen



It's all a game. If I do get good feelings from someone, then I'll take my chances."

Meanwhile, the projects tower above the ever-renewable tenements. Laughing children skip along the sidewalks, and grandmothers proudly push baby carriages. The singing wino waves to the driver of a battered Plymouth, then he turns and points to his butt.

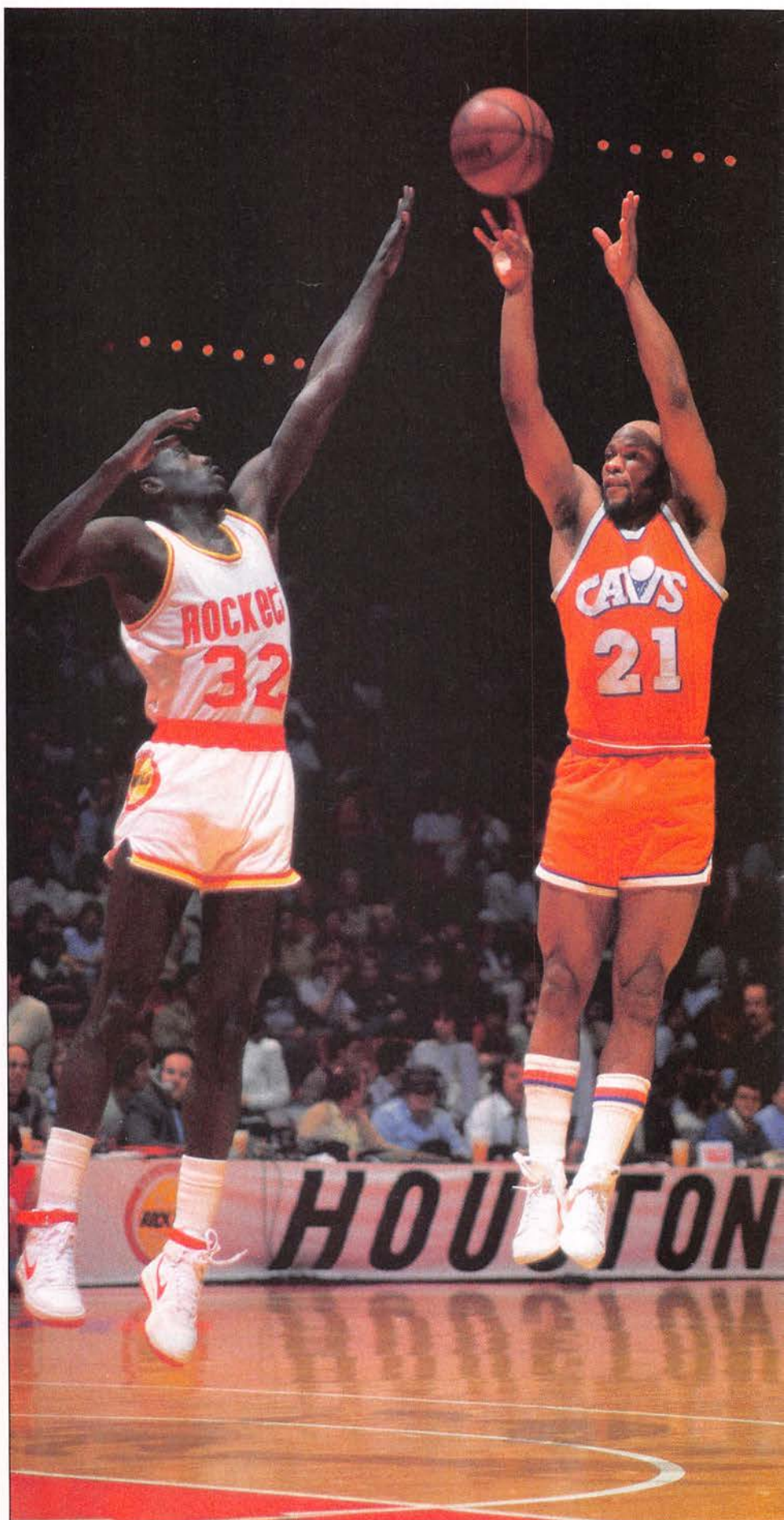
"My parents don't want to move," says Free. "Pops says just give him the money. Ha! We all feel comfortable living here. During the basketball season, I have to wear suits and deal with people wherever I go. I can't buy chewing gum without being crowded by people asking for autographs. In the offseason I come back to Brownsville for relief. Here I can wear sweats and sneakers. I have a place in New Jersey and a condo in Cleveland, and in the summer I live here in Brownsville '24-7.' I'm saying that most guys never come back. I can't name one who's made it as far as me and comes back."

Free admits that millionaires living in Brownsville are especially vulnerable. "Everybody knows where I stay out," he says. "My car is parked on the street. Some people try to squeeze money out of me. 'Hey, man. Lend me \$20.' I just put on a stupid look and change the subject. Sure, I know the city's building more projects around here, and it's better living than it used to be. But still, it's dog-eat-dog in Brownsville. It's the only place I feel really free."

THE HOWARD PARK PLAY-ground is just around the corner, featuring benches in the shade and multiple basketball courts. Like the rest, the court of honor has a concrete surface more than likely littered with broken glass and/or dog leavings. The backboards are painted bright blue, but the hoop-fronts are worn to a metallic sheen. Each basket is supported by a thick pole. Every rim is bent under generations of vehement dunks.

As Free enters the arena, kids swarm around him. He has a slap and shake for each, and he knows their names—Kayron, Shaydee, Kandu. Free feels obliged "to let the kids see me so they know they can make it without going bad." Sometimes he plays them games of one-on-one. At report card time, Free rewards good grades with \$10 bills. "My biggest responsibility," he says, "is to warn them about drugs. There are always pressures on everybody to do the wrong things, but you've got to be strong. Drugs take you nowhere. Your money goes fast, your body gets weak—and you need your body to make money."

Free likewise understands that the lure of illicit drugs is just as strong in the National Basketball Association as on the streets of Brownsville. "Cleveland gives you a urine



'I'm like Muhammad Ali. I'll knock you out with one punch.'

test soon as you walk out the door," says Free, "but I don't believe all that testing will solve the problem. It's like this: All the ball games and the traveling makes your body ache. At the same time you have to deal with playing to win, with the crowds, the refs, the media, the women. Meanwhile, the club wants you to play today and to hell with tomorrow. Then when you get hurt or grow old, nobody wants to know you. Sometimes the whole trip jumps on you at once and you need some relief. I'm saying that nobody's perfect, that everybody messes up at least once. Some guys just can't cope. Look at Bill Robinzine."

Free has his own methods of surviving the NBA's madcap ways and days: "To keep me going I'll buy some clothes or a car. But when the pressure gets too tight, I want to calm down, cool out, and go home. I'll talk to Mom and she'll keep me down to earth. I'll play some ball in the playground and get the joy back into my game."

This morning, the notorious James (Fly) Williams, along with Phil (The Thrill) Sellers, Greg (Jocko) Jackson, Jerry (Ice) Reynolds, and Dwayne (Pearl) Washington have come to play. So has a girl named Cheryl.

Free and Sellers are matched, and the game proceeds at a furious pace: Run and stun, but throw the correct pass. Bang the boards and proudly show your stuff. Only wimps dare call fouls. The game is five-against-five, 10 hoopsters together in one celebration.

Free usually wears some sort of hat to keep the sun off his dome. At a solid 200 pounds, with thick shoulders and heavily muscled thighs, Free yields only 7.8% body fat. At 6'2" he is the shortest "big guard" in the NBA. Occasionally, some of the neighborhood youngsters zoom back and forth beyond Free's control, but his NBA legs can usually overpower even the big men of Brownsville. But Free limits his offense to long jumpers because of the pole looming beneath each basket and because the pebbled surface shreds flesh. Two dozen hoop-watchers are present to groan with delight whenever Free fills the hoop with rainbows.

The second-generation "Pearl" plays with more reckless abandon than he's allowed to show at Syracuse University. He's slick enough, but perhaps too high-dribbled and flat-footed to penetrate NBA defenses. Cheryl is attractive, yet eager to trade 'bows in the battle of the boards. After Free finally misses from long range, Sellers swoops downcourt for a clanging rim-jammer. "Hey, Worl!" shouts seven-year-old Kandu. "He's bustin' your ass!"

The teams split four spirited games, then Free adjourns to a bench in the shade—there to sip a Bud and ponder the whys and wherefores of his life so far.

THE PATH TO BROWNSVILLE began in nearby Williamsburg—another traditional Brooklyn slum. "Pops" was a longshoreman and Mom was a housewife. There were three brothers and four sisters living in a two-bedroom apartment. "It was always a struggle," Free recalls. "We had to stuff towels into broken window panes." When an apartment became available in the projects, the family moved to Brownsville.

Then as now, the local school is Canarsie High School. When Free strode through those hallowed halls his basketball coach was Mark Reiner. For Reiner, Free played every position from pivot to point. On the gridiron, Free was the Chiefs' best half-back. "Back then," says Free, "my biggest influence was an old guy named Gil Reynolds, the director of the Brownsville Recreation Center. I used to shoot one-handed sets in high school until Reynolds taught me how to jump. Whenever I'd shoot the ball he'd say, 'You're gonna jump!' Then he'd slap my head."

As a senior, Free vaulted the Canarsie cagers to an undefeated season that culminated in a championship. "I had very little self-control on the court," Free remembers. "I just went out there and did it on my own." And in the glorious schoolboy tradition of such as Lenny Wilkens and Connie Hawkins, Lloyd B. ("The B. stands for nothing") Free became the newest hoop-time hero in "The Ville."

It was only through the efforts of a local politician that Free, never an energetic student, graduated into Guilford College in Greensboro, N.C. At Guilford coach Jack Jensen played Free exclusively at swing-time, and after the smoking asphalt runs in Brownsville, small-time college basketball was mostly a chump game. Even as a freshman, Free was MVP of the NAIA's championship tournament. Along the way, Free teamed with future pros M. L. Carr and Greg Jackson in powering Guilford to the national title. Free tallied more than 2,000 points and averaged 23.6 points a game in three varsity seasons before going hardship in 1975—desperately hoping to be drafted by the hometown Knicks.

"World was Philadelphia's second-round pick [23rd overall]," says Gene Shue, Free's

first NBA coach. "I think World was too young to really understand the game, but he was one of the finest talents the league has ever seen."

As an NBA rookie, Free's jump shots still spanned long distances. When pressed, Free easily confused even veteran NBA defenders with his whirligigs and razzle-



'I turned a loser into respectability.'

dazzle. "Free could stop on a dime," says Hubie Brown, "then jump to the sky. With all his reverse spins and fallaway shots, Free can beat perfect defense. Best of all, he rarely turns the ball over."

Even John Killilea, the NBA's resident master of defense, was moved by Free's skills. "A shot you'd put a kid on the bench for was a great shot for Free," says Killilea.



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"He's always toughest in the endgame, a spectacular passer."

Free just shrugs. "I never had any problems making the transition into the pros," he says, "because of all those summers playing in Brownsville and in the Rucker. It also helped that Gene Shue was a great basketball mind and the coolest coach I ever saw."

The Sixers' roster featured two other notable rookies—Darryl Dawkins and Joe Bryant—young brothers of the pine who loved to showtime in warm-ups. "We let George McGinnis be the star of the team," Free says, "because I never heard of anybody making that kind of money before. Sometimes I called George 'Half' because he was 'Half of the Six-Million Dollar Man.' We were friends and we played well together. Hell, Darryl, Joe, and I used to love running hard in practice. Only trouble was that the veterans would just be going through the motions. George, of course, he was the worst one. Also 'Mad Dog' Carter, Doug Collins, and Billy Cunningham. After a while, their bad practice habits just rubbed off on the rookies."

Collins and Carter also used most of the Sixers' available guard-time. In only 15.8 average minutes, Free scored 8.3 ppg. According to Shue: "I'd bring World in, let him score, then get him out." According to Free: "I'd usually sit on the bench for most of the game, then I'd be asked to take all the clutch shots. It boggled my brain, but it showed that Shue had confidence in me." Impartial observers report that Free would pout whenever Shue buzzed him to the bench.

Free was street-smart and tough-enough, so he shot first and never asked questions. "World's biggest problem," Shue laments, "was his reluctance to learn defense. But it's certainly understandable. A player tends to go with what he does best, and all of World's skills were on offense."

To this day Free's shot-making remains the focus of his game plan. "I'm always trying to expand my offense," he says. "When I was a rookie I found that experienced defensive players would just beat me up. Guys like Jim Price, Wali Jones, George Karl. They'd also jump into my chest, grab my shorts, and pull me down. Then I'd wind up with the offensive foul. To protect myself I began throwing my legs forward whenever I shot. I called that move the 'Bruce Lee III.'"

The following season, Free's second, was barely under way when the star-struck Sixers boldly signed the fabulous Julius Erving. On the court, both Erving and McGinnis needed considerable ball-time, yet both made sacrifices and genuinely enjoyed playing alongside each other. Even so, the other players quickly split into opposing factions. Caldwell Jones was Dr. J's main disciple, while Free remained loyal to McGinnis. "George was a

star," Free explains, "but he still came down to Brownsville to see some kids. I love that man." As for Erving, Free will only say, "Doc is Doc."

With so many egos on the court the Sixers were an acrimonious group. "Everybody swore he was an All-Star," Shue recalls. "There were emotional meetings every day, and I didn't have a moment's peace all season long."

In his sophomore season Free was bringing 16.3 ppg. off the bench, convincing Shue that he was the league's most potent third guard. Still, the pre-World Free was certainly not the least of Shue's aggravations. "Play me more!" was Free's constant complaint. "Or else trade me to the worst team in the NBA and I guarantee I'll make them a contender!" The cynical Philadelphia sports writers roundly condemned Free's braggadocio—and the coaches nominated him for the NBA's All-Me team.

Then during 1977's Eastern Division playoffs against Houston, Free crashed into Mike Newlin while in hot pursuit of a loose ball. "I had a broken rib and a collapsed lung," says Free. "I couldn't breathe and I thought I was dying."

Despite the official diagnosis, the Sixers management was not entirely convinced. An anonymous team official tells why: "Free said he wouldn't play in the Championship Series against Portland unless and until his contract was renegotiated. Free finally played only after we categorically refused to be blackmailed."

To this charge, Free pleads outraged innocence. "I still had three years left on my contract," he says, "and I never, ever back down on my word. In fact, there was no fuss at all. Somebody is lying—don't ask me why. I was hurting, but I just went out and played hard." Playing through a red haze of pain, Free managed only 10.7 ppg. as the Sixers succumbed to the Blazers in six games.

It was also during the Portland series that Free's alleged selfishness became a public issue. "Brent Musburger said on national TV that I was a gunner with no conscience," says Free. "Now what does Musburger know about anything anyway? The truth is that I was no different from anybody else on that team."

More than anything, Free's self-defense is a damning indictment of the "Star System." *The blue-chip cagers, pampered in high school and stroked in college. Hoopheads living forever inside their own adolescent fantasies.*

"To be a great offensive player," notes one veteran NBA coach, "you do need a certain degree of selfishness. And remember, when Free first came into the league, players made big money only if they scored big. That's a difficult attitude to change. Nowadays, the players are all rich, regardless."



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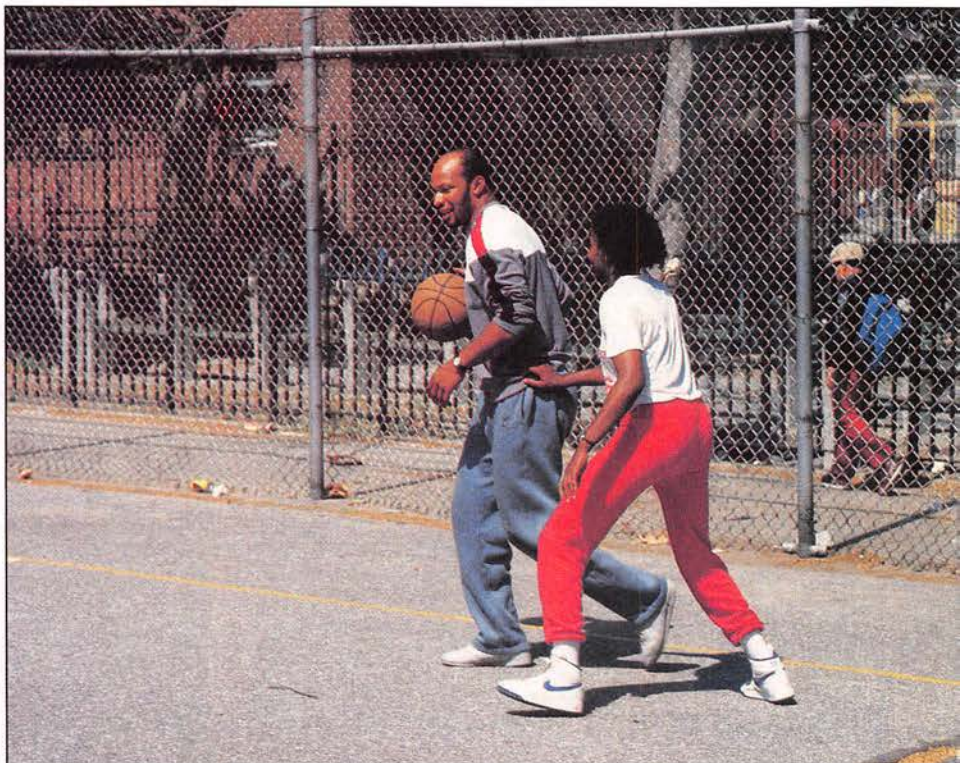
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When cornered, Free always responds with audacity. "I know that the coaches who used to play in the NBA are the ones calling me selfish," he says. "They've seen me kill their team single-handedly. Hey, during one game Don Nelson came over to me screaming, 'You're not going to score another point tonight!' So then I score again. Listen, I've always had to work hard and I'm proud of myself. All those guys are just jealous be-

ine Free's surprise when the Sixers decided to go with the leg-weary Simpson.

By now, Gene Shue had assumed control of the woeful San Diego Clippers. One of Shue's immediate priorities was obtaining the rights to Free, in exchange for a future (1984) No. 1 draft pick who later turned out to be Leo Rautins. "I'd just bought a house in Philly," says Free, "and I had no warning of any kind. Suddenly, out of nowhere, the



'When the pressure gets tight, I'll cool out on the playground.'

cause I have more ability than they ever had."

If Free can so easily disregard his detractors, he likewise denies all their accusations: "Sometimes Larry Bird can be a very self-centered player. Andrew Toney also forces a lot of bad shots. But nobody ever calls those guys selfish. Ha! It's all because I'm like Muhammad Ali. When I'm hot I'll knock you out with one punch."

AFTER BILLY CUNNINGHAM succeeded Shue in 1978, Free had trouble relating to the rookie coach. "Cunningham thought he could still play," says Free. "It's a team game, but Cunningham came in thinking it was all about him. He never played me enough, but after a while Cunningham did start to come around." Despite the undeniable tensions, Free produced 15.7 ppg. and more assists than ever.

Nevertheless, Free's time in Philadelphia ended before the '78-79 season, when he suffered a fractured finger during training camp. The Sixers had been scrutinizing Ralph Simpson, a 30-year-old refugee from the American Basketball Association. Imag-

Sixers called to say that I had 24 hours to report to the Clippers in Phoenix or else my contract's invalid. At that point, I was happy just to be getting out of Philadelphia."

For Free, the highlight of his three seasons with Philadelphia is his enduring friendship with Darryl Dawkins—and the feeling is mutual. "World and I are the last of the free birds," says Dawkins. "Like me, World always says what's on his mind. Yes, the truth hurts, but it shall set you free. Both of us have been very misunderstood and stung by unfair criticism. Man, I'd do anything for World. To go help him, I'd even get up out of bed with a woman. Positively. Bad calls and bad refs have hindered us both through the years, but we're still here funk'n' for Jamaica."

THE SAN DIEGO CLIPPERS were a ragtag outfit, the perfect opportunity for Free to prove his own boasts. "Shue's offense cleared out a space for me," says Free. "Then he got me the ball and let me do my thing. We won 43 games that year and finished only one game

out of the playoffs. It was extremely satisfying."

With a license to shoot, Free scored 28.8 ppg. and appeared in his first and only All-Star Game. "World did even better the next season," Shue says, "scoring over 30 a game. He had great charisma and the fans loved him. I was voted Coach of the Year in San Diego, but World was the main reason for our success."

'Drugs take you nowhere. Your money goes fast, your body gets weak—and you need your body to make money.'

Then, alas, after two seasons of lively crowds and unexpected victories, Free and Shue each became embroiled in contractual disputes with the Clippers brass. As a result, Shue moved on to Washington, while Free was dealt to Golden State for Phil Smith plus another future (1984) No. 1 draft choice.

"It was a pleasure playing for Al Attles in Golden State," says Free. "Al had big respect around the league. Hell, even the refs respected Al because they knew what a rugged player he was. The team also had a bunch of nice guys with loads of talent. Besides me, Bernard King was awesome. Purvis Short was a great shooter; Larry Smith could sweep the boards. We were soft in the middle because one heavy hit could take away Joe Barry Carroll's heart. But Al utilized everyone to the best of his capabilities. We were basically a one-on-one team and I had free rein to shoot."

As a Warrior, his game was still the same—but Lloyd B. Free decided to change his first name. "Everybody growing up in Brownsville had a nickname," Free explains. "People just started calling me 'All-World' in junior high school because All-City and All-America weren't good enough. But I'm still the same guy I was when I was Lloyd. I'll say what I'm going to do, then I'll go out and do it."

At Golden State, Free continued to make the scoreboard blink like a pinball machine, registering almost 24 ppg. during his two seasons in residence. Even so, many respected NBA authorities persisted in downgrading Free's accomplishments. "Forget about Free's statistics," says a well-known NBA coach who asks to be nameless. "The important factor is that the Warriors never made the playoffs. Always be skeptical of

players on bad teams who have outstanding personal stats."

In 1982 the wheel spun again, and this time Free was shipped to Cleveland strictly one-on-one for Ron Brewer. *The Cleveland Cadavers. A franchise savaged by Ted Stepien. The NBA's favorite patsies. A laff riot.* Free was welcomed to Cleveland as the savior—helicoptered to a press conference at the Richfield Coliseum, a red carpet spread ahead of his contractual size 13 Nikes. Even though Free resumed his high-scoring antics, the Cavs were still pushovers. "Don't worry," Free warned. "We'll get there yet."

The Cavaliers' future arrived in the spring of 1984, when George Karl was handed the big whistle. Previously, Karl was a sturdy guard out of North Carolina who spanned the ABA and NBA over a modest five-year career with the San Antonio Spurs. Karl is only 34, having paid his coaching dues in the Continental Basketball Association. On defense, Karl preached, "Give your body and draw the charge." Originally, Karl's game plan also featured an open offense—pass, cut, and pick. At crunch-time, force the ball into the box. Fortunately for Karl and the Cavs, Free had other ideas.

"George Karl was a straight up-and-down player," says Free. "He had no shake and bake. Yeah. I can remember when Karl took a nasty charge from George McGinnis. Blam! Instant retirement."

Using Karl's pass-and-move offense, the Cavs won only two of their first 21 games. "At first," Karl freely confesses, "World was understandably skeptical of my ability to coach. Although there never were any significant confrontations between us, World was usually hostile. To his credit he tried doing whatever I asked, even though it was contrary to his basketball nature. Actually, the whole situation was my fault. I had taken the power out of the team. Most coaches never admit they're wrong, but my passing offense just wasn't suited to the team's personnel."

The Cavs were pinched by another early-season dilemma when Free sprained an ankle. "Part of my coaching philosophy," says Karl, "is that when a guy returns after an injury, he has to win back his job."

So Free recuperated on the bench, while Karl's backcourt combo became Johnny Davis and rookie Ron Anderson. "The only other time I didn't start was with Billy Cunningham," Free quipped. "What is it with these North Carolina guys?" But Free's frustrations finally overflowed last November 2nd when he angrily stalked from the Coliseum after sitting throughout the fourth quarter of a 116-109 loss to Indiana.

Free's message to Karl was: "I've tried it your way and it's not working. Now you've got to trade me." But in George Karl's universe, Free actually "loved" playing a

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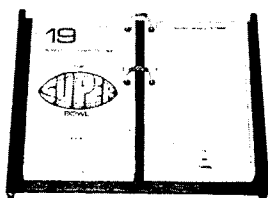
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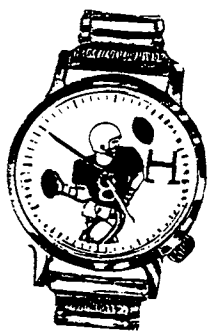
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reserve role. *The crowd chanting, "We want Free! We want Free!" Then World ripping off his jacket and flying hoopward, able to leap tall centers in a single bound.*

"Trade me!" said Free.

Karl merely shrugged. "I'll see what I can do," he said.

When no deal was forthcoming after another humiliating string of losses, Free approached Karl once more, this time seeking reconciliation. "George, we can't be having these personality problems. We've got to work this out."

After earnest discussion, Karl agreed that his offensive scheme needed revision. "But this is what I need from you," Karl told Free. "Don't take bad shots. Stay involved on defense. Use your strength to get through the picks. If you can do that, I'll change the offense and get you shots."

Free nodded and asked, "How many shots?"

Karl's revamped offense included four specific plays for Free. "In three of these," says Karl, "there are various double-picks and staggered picks, and Free has to execute to find a shot. The other play just clears a side for him. In this league, certain players simply cannot be contained by one defender. Naturally, teams double World when he's one-on-one, so I had to teach him to jab-step and pitch to the open man. World learned so well that we ran the clear-out just to force other teams to double up."

As much as Free grooved on his new time and space, the hard-time lessons of his youth stayed with him. "I never had to learn from Karl how to pass off when I'm doubled," Free scoffs. "I learned it first and best in the playground."

Free ascribes the beginning of the Cavs' resurgence last season to a December 2nd game against Atlanta. "In the endgame," says Free, "Karl just opened it up and let me take it. I scored 28, including all the big points. No question that I won the ball game. That's when the team first came together."

Free soon became the Cavs' leader—never late for practice, anxious to have fun but ready to work hard and exert a positive influence on the younger players. "We turned it around," Free told the media, "when we got Karl under control."

Before long, the Cavs were no laughing matter. The basketball public took notice when Cleveland whopped the mighty Sixers in a home-and-home set. From the verge of oblivion, the Cavs went 34-27 to grab the Eastern Division's last playoff berth. Free led the way with 22.5 ppg., including several game-winning scores.

During the Cavs' rise to respectability, Free's unprecedented efforts on defense turned the heads of several critics. "Sidney Moncrief is the only NBA guard who concen-

trates fully at both ends of the court," says George Karl. "World still needs to focus more attention on defense, but now he understands its importance. Listen, World's a tough S.O.B., and at the end of the game he's gonna cover."

Gene Shue also lauds Free's increased aggressiveness on defense—but other coaches have their doubts. "Guys who play vigorous defense commit more fouls," says John Killilea. "More fouls mean less playing time and fewer points. That's why I don't see much difference in Free's defense. We still point our offense at him and make Free suffer through the picks. Free's been in the league for 10 years; occasionally he's in the right place at the right time."

As for Free, these days he even dares to boast of his defensive prowess. "I'm from Brownsville," he says, "so I wasn't backing down from anybody, right? When I was younger the only part of defense that interested me was trying to smash through every pick. I only wound up hurting myself, so I learned to move my feet better, to use my hands and arms to get around the picks. Gradually I've also learned to play the passing lanes. But hell! I can still dish out punishment. When I'm picked hard I won't go after the big man's knees like some guards do. Not me, I'm 'The Enforcer.' I'll go straight at Mahorn, Ruland, all of them. If I get mad, I don't see no size. Never ran, never will."

And Free has heard all he wants to hear about his defensive liabilities. "It's like when Michael Jordan first came to town," says Free. "Everyone was wondering how I was going to stop him. Hell, he was wondering how he was going to stop me."

AROUSING CELEBRATION WAS touched off in Cleveland when the Cavs clinched their first postseason appearance since 1978. Karl and Free laughed and embraced at center court. "I'm sorry," said Karl. Free nodded magnanimously and said, "Thank you."

To open the playoffs, the Cavs faced the powerhouse Boston Celtics, and the Cleveland newspapers alleged that Free started shooting before the first game began. Free was quoted as saying, "I own Dennis Johnson."

To this day Free still shakes his head in sad remembrance: "What I really said was that I've had some good games against DJ. Before the Celtic series I talked with DJ and there was no problem between us, because we both know how the media can misquote somebody to get a better story. Hell. In Cleveland, sports wasn't sports until I got there."

The spunky Cavaliers extended the Celts to four lively games. True, Cleveland's only

victory came while Larry Bird was disabled by an elbow injury. But Boston's total margin in winning three games was a measly seven points. Early in the series Free was hampered with a groin pull. Nevertheless, he managed more than 26 ppg.—and in Bird's absence Free dominated in the Cavs' lone victory with 32 points and 8 assists.

"Playoff competition is always extra physical for me," says Free. "That's because a lot of players are out to get me. They'll thump me with unnecessary elbows and they'll try to hurt me on the picks. But damn if I won't get them back. And as far as I'm concerned this isn't the first time I turned a losing team into respectability."

Despite Free's expansive mood, the anonymous NBA coach remains unconvinced: "Big deal. So the Cavs are the 16th best team in the league. Come talk to me about Free when he plays on a .500 ballclub. And who knows how well he can perform in the third and fourth rounds of the playoffs. That's when the guards must sacrifice totally, play hard every minute, and never miss the open man. Free is clever and articulate—but can he zero in? I doubt it."

Through it all, World B. Free only knows what he knows. And he knows that the most important game is always the game at hand.

FLY IS SLY AND THE THRILL fills the ring with rubber. The Pearl shows a rare pass, then a costly turnover. Cheryl sets a pile-driving pick. Here's Jocko with an under-the-armpit pass that Ice converts into a rousing dunko-blast!

"Blam!" says Free as he pops another sweet-and-salty Budweiser. "The young boys hooping and hollering. You know, it's amazing how much I can learn from them. They're great players and they're up on all the latest moves. But hell, I'm still out there getting away with a lot of my own good stuff."

Free removes his sloppy cap and luxuriantly towels his pate. He acknowledges that his "style" sometimes makes enemies—and some part of World B. Free is almost moved to regret. "The NBA is too nutty," he says. "and I've had about enough. Now don't get me wrong, my legs are still strong and I can jump the boards whenever I want to. I've learned to pick my spots and I feel I'm at the top of my game. But that's exactly the best time to leave. I don't ever want any players busting my ass with disrespect. That's why next season will be my last."

On second thought, Free reiterates his untimely retirement but amends the motive. "I'm getting out," he says, "primarily because of the referees. That's right. Every season I keep getting fewer calls and fewer

foul shots. Ha! Then last year Darrell Garretson came up to me before a game and said, 'If you throw your legs, it's a foul.' Say what?! Hey, man. Just ref the game. And tell me how come Kareem can stay in the lane for 89 seconds. Why is Magic allowed to palm the ball? Just because I'm not supposed to stop anybody, it's a foul if I breathe on my man. Then when I talk politely to the refs, they threaten to kick me out. They don't like me because I'm always changing my stuff and putting pressure on them to react and not just anticipate the play. All that refs do is mess up a ball game. They're strictly a necessary evil. Ever see the San Diego Chicken choking on a ref dummy and stomping him? Man, I'd love a piece of that."

Could this really be Free's last season? Or perhaps Free has already begun negotiating his next contract. Is he trying to psych the refs? Or is it possible that Free's summertime angst is simply the residue of an otherwise glorious season in which he said what he was going to do, and then did it?

"All I know," says World B. Free with a nod toward center court, "is that Larry Bird brings his own refs. That's right. And all I want to do is play the Celtics right here in the playground." ■

Contributing writer CHARLEY ROSEN always brings his own refs, and his own scorekeeper, too. Charley's last piece for I.S. was this season's NBA Preview.

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By CHARLES PAIKERT

Danny Biasone Saved the NBA

His invention of the 24-second shot clock electrified the sport

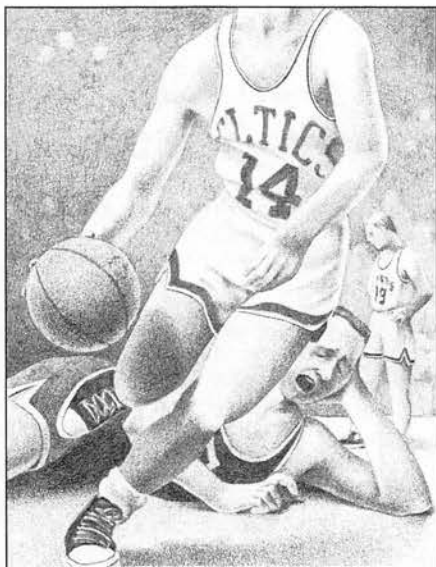
OH SURE, SURE THE PRO GAME has its Dr. J's now, its Magics, Moses Malones, Larry Birds, Jerry Busses, Gulf & Westerns, and even cable-TV networks. You know, the folks who star in and make lots of money from professional basketball. The sleek ones who run and gun, and the shrewd ones who sell and yell.

Now, although betting is taboo in the NBA, the odds are overwhelming that when the league begins its 1985-1986 season, the game's heroes and promoters will not, will definitely not, be thinking about a short, bald 75-year-old man with an Italian accent who runs a bowling alley in Syracuse.

But the superstars, the millionaire owners, the conglomerates, and the networks should not only think about this senior citizen, they should thank him every time one of their jumbo CDs matures. They should do this because last season was the 30th anniversary of the 24-second clock, the rule that changed the game and has itself remained unchanged for 30 years, the rule that literally makes professional basketball tick. And Danny Biasone, who is running a bowling alley, playing golf, and watching all the basketball he possibly can on TV, is the man who invented the 24-second clock. He's the man who saved the game.

Biasone's bowling alley is in Eastwood, a working-class neighborhood in Syracuse that's a neat grid of frame houses with wooden porches and small back yards. There's a main street, where Biasone's "Eastwood Sports Center" is located, alongside bars like the "Chug-A-Mug" and family restaurants like Arturo's, the home of "decent Italian food." There's even an art-deco movie house that refuses to run dirty movies.

It's small-town, albeit in an aging north-eastern industrial city. The people who live in Eastwood aren't fancy, but they are solid, and they are loyal—especially to higher duties like God, country, and basketball. These are the people, after all, who rabidly



'Fans didn't pay to see Cousy dribble around all night.'

supported the NBA's Syracuse Nats when Biasone owned them from 1946 to 1963.

They're Biasone's people—the ones who pay for their own tickets with their own folded bills—and Biasone, sitting in a big, black leather chair inside a tiny, dusky office in the bowling alley that's lined with aging black-and-white team pictures of the Nats, thinks the fans are getting the short end of the stick today.

"What I can't stand is this," he rumbles in a raspy but strong voice. "You pay a guy a couple of million dollars. Then next year you come out and say you're raising ticket prices. To me, there's no reason why the working stiff, the fan, has got to pay \$25 a ticket. He can't afford to pay \$25 a ticket! I don't think that's fair. Why make it hard on him when you're playin' with millions? The ones who patronize this whole damn thing are the working Joes. You can bet your life you can't have 20,000 executives at a game every night!"

But if Biasone were still in the game—

which he'd love to be—he says he wouldn't put up with any nonsense from unruly fans. "Me, I wouldn't allow some of the things that go on today," he growls. "I would say get the hell out, I wouldn't sell you a ticket. Throwing stuff . . . the language they use . . . I'm ashamed. Maybe I'm from the old school, I don't know. How can you allow that kind of language in a public place? Scares the hell out of me!"

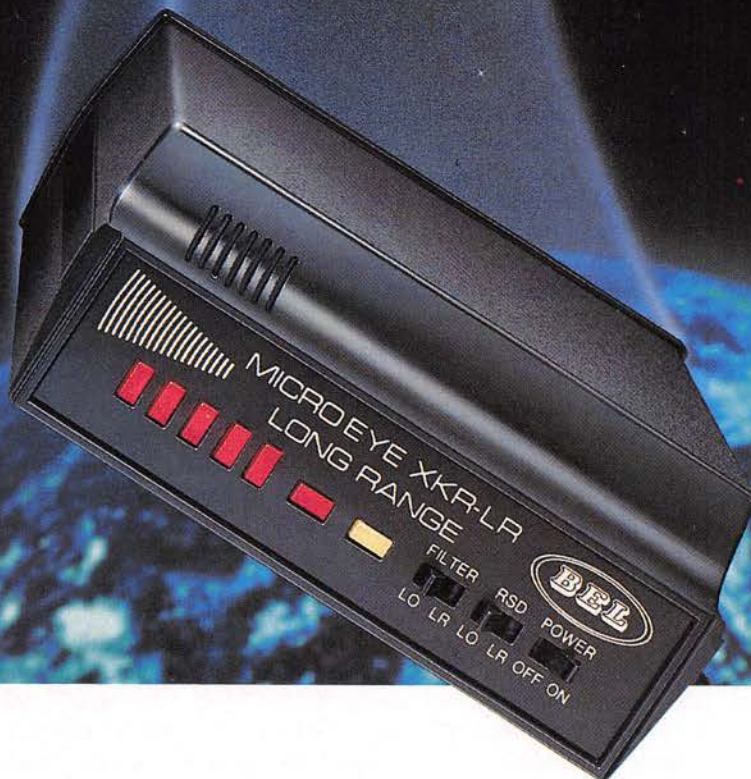
Biasone never was afraid to speak his mind. He was, after all, the immigrant kid who worked his way up by digging ditches and tending bar, and ended up owning a professional basketball franchise and going toe to toe with big-city millionaires like Ned Irish, Walter Brown, and Fred Zollner. "It was the Farmer vs. the Big Shots, I used to call it," Biasone says.

The great irony of the Biasone story is that he was a football fanatic who got into basketball by accident. But after obtaining his franchise in the old National Basketball League in 1946 for \$1,000, he developed a ferocious love for the game. He also quickly became convinced that the game was simply too slow.

"When you get a ballplayer like Bob Cousy—he could dribble that thing around there all night," Biasone says. "There's only one way to stop him—grab him, and then he goes to the foul line. The fans don't pay to see that!"

Biasone was right. Basketball fans were getting turned off by the plodding, bruising pace of the professionals. Scores dipped into the teens and attendance dropped. "I'm not an expert on the game," Biasone says. "I never claimed to be. But I went to those fellas in the league and said I'm having a tough time selling something here. There's one thing basketball needs, I said. It needs a time! I don't care what the time is! Put in a time!"

By the end of the 1953-54 season, the Big Shots were ready to listen. Hardly any shots were being taken in the last five minutes of



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close games, and the six-year-old NBA, according to its Commissioner, Maurice Podoloff, was facing "imminent death." At the league's year-end meeting in New York, Biasone stood up and asked Podoloff to convene a special meeting of the NBA Board of Governors in Syracuse to witness a demonstration of his proposed shot clock.

The other owners were skeptical. Biasone, the bowling alley proprietor, was going to tell them how to make basketball a better game? But, as Podoloff recalls, they were also desperate. "Something had to be done," he recalls. "If Biasone had not made the proposal when he did, I don't think the NBA would have lasted one more year."

The owners agreed to go to Syracuse to take a look at Biasone's idea. "I don't think," Biasone says, "that some of those fellas knew where Syracuse, N.Y., was." Nevertheless, they found their way to Biasone's alma mater, Vocational High School, on a humid August afternoon.

Waiting for them was Biasone and a group of Syracuse Nats, including Dolph Schayes and Paul Seymour. "I want you fellas to go down and shoot the ball," Biasone instructed them. When they forgot, he says, "I started yelling when it got down to five seconds."

Haskell Cohen, the NBA's publicist at the time, actually ran the very first 24-second clock ("as klutzy as I am") that afternoon in Syracuse. "We all saw right away that it made a difference," he says, and the owners' decision turned out to be an easy one. "They went back to the room where they were meeting and said, 'OK, this is in.'"

And so it was that the future of the NBA was recast. The clock was put on trial during the 1954 exhibition season, but it proved to be instantly popular, and by the time the Rochester Royals played the Boston Celtics to open the regular season on October 30, the 24-second clock was an official NBA rule.

The results were dramatic. The clock revived interest in the league, attendance rose, and average team scoring jumped 14 points, to 93 points a game. In addition, another new rule, limiting team fouls to six per quarter before a bonus foul shot was awarded, greatly enhanced the renewed pace of the game.

But there was no doubt that Biasone's clock was the key. "The clock," says Ben Kerner, owner of the then-Milwaukee Hawks, "made the NBA take off." Former Commissioner Podoloff is even more emphatic. "The most important event in the NBA is the adoption of the 24-second clock," he insists, "and the most important man in the NBA is Danny Biasone."

And why did the man who saved the NBA choose 24 seconds?

"We were averaging about 60 shots a game per team—24 fits into the 60, so if

each team used up 24 seconds for a shot, they would average 60 shots for 48 minutes. But the exact number wasn't important. My idea was to keep the game going, to speed it up. The amazing thing about it to me is that here it is 30 years later and they're still using the same number."

Biasone's revolutionary 24-second clock has not, in fact, changed. But the NBA and the way the pro game is played have. "There's no question in my mind," Biasone says, "that the players today are more individually talented. But the game of basketball is a team game. You don't win with just one man. You win as a team. The players of yesteryear played more as a team. Today's players are more individualists."

And then there's Larry Bird. "In my opinion," says Biasone, "there is no greater basketball player to ever play this game. He does everything for the team. He's a big man, a little man—he's everything."

Biasone also has high opinions of Magic Johnson, Julius Erving, and Moses Malone. But he's reluctant to compare today's players with those who played in the 1950s. "To me that's an unfair question," he says. "You've got to judge the player in his own era."

As perhaps the last NBA owner to actually sit on the bench with his players, Biasone was able to see the great players of his own era up close, night after night. In the beginning, he says, there was no doubt that George Mikan, the 6'10", 245-pound center for the Minneapolis Lakers "was the best of his time." When pressed, though, Biasone admits he feels Mikan "could not play today's game. He was just not drilled to play a fast-paced game."

However, Biasone has no doubt that Wilt Chamberlain could play anytime, anyplace. "If I had to start a team," he says, "the number one man I would always take is Wilt Chamberlain. That's how you win—with a big man up front. And Wilt could use his strength and play whatever role you wanted. He was a perfect team man."

And, Biasone says, "of the players in my time, Jerry West, Bob Cousy, Elgin Baylor, Bill Russell, Dolph Schayes, Bob Pettit—those fellas could have played with anybody."

He's saddened, though, by what he sees as the emphasis today's players put on individual records, although he doesn't blame them entirely. "It's management that made it that way," he concedes. "Players are gettin' \$2 million, and the only way you get that is by individual performance."

It's money, of course, that has changed the game the most since Danny Biasone spent a grand total of \$450,000 on the Nats' operating expenses during their last season in Syracuse in 1963. "I never made sport my business," he says. "My bowling alley was my business. Basketball was for sport. It

was fun. If I looked at it as a business, I wouldn't have gotten into the damn thing."

If he did have the money, though, Biasone says, "I'd still be in it. I'd still be fightin' those fellas." And in a way he still is. When Red Auerbach said two years ago that the Nats used to order guard Paul Seymour to push Bob Cousy around, provoke him into a fight, sparks of the red-hot Celtics-Nats rivalry flew again in Syracuse.

"I'd like to ask Red Auerbach to get the damn clip when that happened and you'll find out it didn't happen," Biasone fumes. "Auerbach's the one who had players like Bob Brannum and Jungle Jim Loscutoff. You think Tommy Heinsohn was a saint? Hah! No basketball team in my time had more hatchet men than Boston. Red Auerbach is no angel."

But Biasone is willing to give his "archenemy" his due. "I give Red a lot of credit," he says, "if you really look at his teams, they played the best team basketball." They also, of course, had Bill Russell. "He's the reason why Boston was so great," Biasone says. "He was the first player recognized for playing defense. That was revolutionary in the early days. Russell didn't play for Russell. He played for his team."

However, Biasone believes that the fans pay to see stars like Russell, and he doesn't think they should be allowed to foul out. "I strongly feel that if I'd have stayed around another four or five years, this game might have been different today," he says. "I always felt a player shouldn't foul out of a basketball game. After a player has six fouls, the other team should be given two free throws automatically. Fans would be happy. Name players wouldn't have a cop-out for not playing defense. And games would be better officiated, because the referees wouldn't have to worry about who's who."

Danny Biasone isn't ready to sit on the sidelines, either. He's still a "sports nut" who devours sports on TV and goes out to play golf despite one bad eye. He still runs the bowling alley in Eastwood—and he plans to keep at it.

"I'm out to tie my team's record for playing in five overtimes," he vows. "In basketball you play 48 minutes. If you're tied, you play five more minutes. If you're tied again, you play another five minutes. My regulation game time is 65 years. If you're still here, you have to go to overtime. In basketball it's five minutes, with your life it's five years. If you hit 70, you're in your second overtime. I just hit 75, so I'm in my third overtime, and I plan to tie my team's record. You see how crazy you gotta be in this world?" ■

New York free-lancer CHARLES PAIKERT rarely goes into overtime on his articles. He usually wins in regulation.

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By STEVE FIFFER

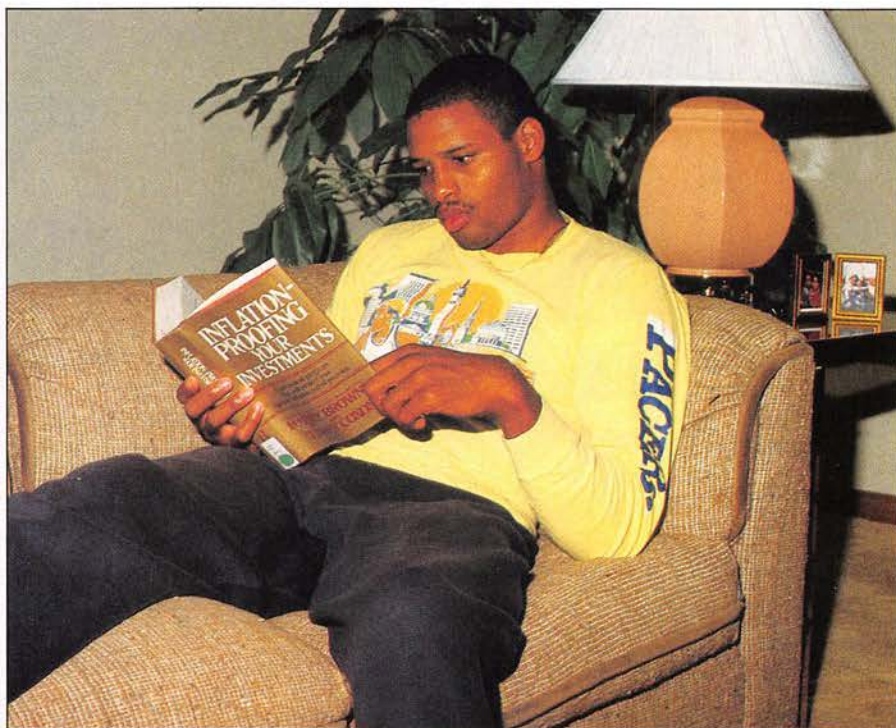
The Game Plan Of Clark Kellogg, Inc.

EVERETT GLENN, THE OAK-land-based attorney who represents a number of professional athletes, smiles when he remembers his first meeting with Indiana Pacers star forward Clark Kellogg. It was the spring of 1982. Kellogg, then a junior at Ohio State, had just been voted the Big 10's Most Valuable Player and had decided to forgo his senior year and turn pro. Sitting in the Kellogg family's living room in Cleveland, Glenn and his partner Al Wellington pulled no punches. "We know what you can do on the basketball court," they told Kellogg. "What else can you do?" It is a question few agents ever ask. "Everyone about fell off their chairs," Glenn laughs.

"That was a pretty unusual question," admits Kellogg. But unlike many college athletes, he was not disturbed by it. Why? Because unlike many college athletes, he had an answer. He told Glenn and Wellington that at age 18 he had secured a license to sell insurance, that he had a B-plus average in marketing, and that he planned to return to school and earn his degree after the basketball season. A mutual admiration society quickly developed. Says Glenn: "Clark had his head on right." Says Kellogg: "I liked the fact that they weren't interested in me only as a basketball player."

Over the last three years, Clark Kellogg has shown what he can do both on and off the court. The numbers he has generated in the National Basketball Association are impressive. In 1982-1983, he became only the seventh first-year player in league history to average more than 20 points and 10 rebounds a game, and he was runner-up to Terry Cummings for Rookie of the Year honors. He has enjoyed similar success the last two seasons.

The numbers Kellogg has generated off the court are equally eye-opening. According to Glenn, his 24-year-old client will be assured of at least \$100,000 a year for the rest of his life after his playing days are over.



Kellogg: 'Business can be just as glamorous as sports.'

Clark Kellogg has become *Clark Kellogg, Inc.*, with corporate and personal holdings ranging from blue-chip stocks to cable television stations, from real estate to paint stores. Ask Kellogg what he likes to read and the answer is, "The Wall Street Journal, Black Enterprise, and Money." He is intimately involved with Glenn and other financial advisers in determining how to invest the half million dollars he earns playing basketball each year. Recently, Glenn and Kellogg agreed to share with *INSIDE SPORTS* how this money is budgeted, spent, and invested. Their willingness to "open the books" offers a rare glimpse into how a professional athlete and his advisers work to provide for the present and the future.

The Players

In a sense, Everett Glenn turned profes-

sional at the same time Clark Kellogg did. In 1982, after six years of practicing corporate law, Glenn left a prestigious San Francisco firm to form Sports Plus, an organization that negotiates contracts for athletes and then develops financial plans for spending and investing the athletes' money. "Our motto is: 'Converting athletic talent into business success,'" says the 33-year-old Glenn, whose colleagues include financial advisers, marketing specialists, and his wife, Jacqueline, also an attorney.

Kellogg was one of the first big-name college athletes Glenn contacted. Glenn was anxious to represent the young man, but even more anxious that Kellogg consider the long-term effect of leaving school after his junior year. His letter of introduction to Kellogg was unique—it recommended that

the athlete go back to Ohio State for his senior year. "I told him the money would still be there after another year, but that it would be difficult to go back and get his degree," Glenn explains.

Kellogg thought long and hard about staying in school, but finally decided to turn professional. At the same time, he vowed to return to Ohio State to earn his marketing degree. "I've always been ambitious," Kellogg explains. "Both in sports and in business. The business world can be just as glamorous as the sports world." Toward that end he had worked in an insurance brokerage firm and had obtained a license to sell insurance. (The promise to return to school was not a hollow one. The summer after his outstanding rookie year, Kellogg was back on campus.)

The Contracts

After being drafted eighth in the first round by the Pacers, Kellogg could have been forgiven for thinking he should have stayed in school. The team was on shaky financial ground, and rumors abounded that the final chapter in the team's history would be Chapter 11. As a result, the team offered Kellogg considerably less money than other teams were offering those drafted after him, and considerably less than the \$300,000 to \$400,000 a year Glenn expected.

Glenn recommended that Kellogg refuse to report to camp. The important word here is *recommended*. In contractual and financial matters, Kellogg has always insisted on the final say. "I pay Everett to advise me," says Kellogg. "But the bottom-line decision is always mine." Glenn wouldn't have it any other way. "Some athletes want to be kept in the dark, and some guys who represent athletes want to keep them in the dark. They're afraid that if the athlete knows what's going on or is exposed to the world, he might not remain as a client. My whole philosophy is to educate the athlete so he *can* make decisions for himself," says Glenn.

Lawyer-agent Brian David, who represents, among others, Wade Boggs and Willie Hernandez, tells the story of a retired basketball player who came to him for financial advice. "He didn't even know how to write a check," marvels David. This will never be said of Glenn's clients, who now include football players such as the Chicago Bears' Willie Gault and the San Diego Chargers' Gil Byrd. Glenn, who is one of only a handful of blacks representing professional athletes, grows angry when he hears other agents describe the futility of trying to educate their clients, particularly their black clients. "You can't expect any kid coming out of college to know everything about business," Glenn says. "But if you break it down into bits for them, they can understand what, say, a tax shelter is."

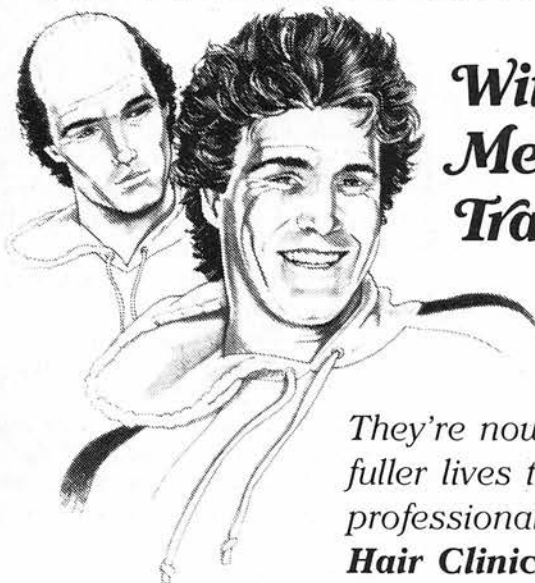
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Kellogg disagreed with Glenn and decided to join the Pacers, signing a four-year contract worth about \$1 million. When the Pacers were rescued by new owners, he and Glenn agreed that he should hold out until the contract was renegotiated. It was, and now he's paid more than \$500,000 a year.

In any case, \$250,000 a year or \$500,000 a year is a heady number for any individual in his early 20s. Was Kellogg intimidated by his new wealth. "Not intimidated," he says. "But I'd heard so many horror stories about guys who had lost all their money, that I probably bent over backward the other way. I wanted to take care of my family, but I was very disciplined with the money."

Clark Kellogg, Inc.

There are two major goals in setting up a financial plan for an athlete. First, it is important to shelter as much of the considerable annual income from the tax collector as possible, while making sure the athlete can live comfortably. Second, it is important to invest the money in a manner that will ensure the athlete has income after his career is over.

Glenn's first move was to incorporate Kellogg. This move, while not allowed by the NBA anymore (because, it is rumored, of abuses), can, if done properly, save a great deal of money for the athlete. Here is how it works: The Pacers contract with Clark Kellogg, Inc. for the services of its employee, Clark Kellogg, and pay the corporation (rather than the individual) for those services. In turn, the corporation pays Kellogg an annual salary and provides him benefits such as insurance and a car. The corporation also shelters a considerable portion of the income by contributing \$30,000 a year (the maximum allowed) to a pension plan for Kellogg. Other entities wishing to use Kellogg's services also contract with the corporation. Converse Shoes, for example, paid Clark Kellogg, Inc. \$30,000 a year during Kellogg's first three seasons for the athlete's endorsement.

Clark Kellogg, Inc. does not pay Kellogg the full half million dollars a year paid the corporation by the Pacers. Glenn has structured a salary continuation plan that guarantees much of the money not needed to meet current living expenses will be distributed annually after Kellogg has retired. At that time, he will probably need the money more and his tax bracket will probably be lower.

How much money does Kellogg require at present? Each year Glenn sits down with Kellogg to work out an annual budget for the athlete's living expenses. They then determine the appropriate salary to be paid out by Clark Kellogg, Inc. Kellogg's list of living expenses is rather mundane; it includes the mortgage on his house, car payments, food, clothing, travel, and other miscellaneous items. The budget for 1985: approximately

\$5,500 per month. The salary from the corporation for 1985 is \$6,668 every two weeks. Kellogg either saves the money not required to meet expenses or invests it.

The Portfolio

While Glenn and a battery of financial advisers all play a role in determining their client's investment strategy, Kellogg exercises ultimate control. He reads numerous business periodicals and studies annual reports. The result is a diversified portfolio that will provide for Kellogg after he has retired, and shelters much of his current income (although he is in the 50% tax bracket, he only pays 25% of his income in taxes).

Among the investments:

- Holdings in mutual funds and money-market funds and blue-chip stocks ranging from Apple Computer to United Airlines.
- CenCom of North Carolina, a limited partnership that owns several cable television stations. Here Kellogg will invest \$50,000 over a five-year period. He will receive \$80,000 in tax write-offs and an investment tax credit of \$2,000. In addition, he will receive \$60,000 after taxes upon sale or refinancing of the partnership interest.
- Cal Fed Partners, a limited partnership with commercial real estate holdings. Again, Kellogg has invested \$50,000. Over the next 10 years, he will benefit from \$100,000 in taxable losses (thus sheltering his hefty income from the Pacers). He will also receive \$87,000 in after-tax income.
- Majestic Paint Stores. Kellogg and a number of other athletes represented by Glenn have pooled their resources to purchase a large stake in this rapidly growing chain.

Kellogg and other Glenn clients have recently jumped into another real estate pool that will be managed by the Chargers' Byrd, who has a degree in accounting and a real estate broker's license. Glenn sees such pooling as the wave of the future. One athlete might not have the money or might not want to take the risk, he explains, but if several athletes join forces they can avail themselves of larger and potentially more lucrative deals. "Heck," he says. "Henderson, Mattingly, Winfield, and Baylor could probably buy the Yankees that way!"

Clark Kellogg is not yet in a position to buy the Indiana Pacers, but he knows that his portfolio will place him in good stead for the future. "I feel very comfortable with the things we've done," he says. "I've been able to do things for my family. The trick is to enjoy it as much as you can today and still put some away for tomorrow." ■

Contributing writer STEVE FIFFER considered incorporating himself, but he'd be afraid to ask himself for a raise. Steve's first book, "So You've Got a Great Idea: Now What Do You Do?" will be published next spring.

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NUMBERS

THE BIG POINT MEN

You hear a lot more about Moses Malone's rebounding than his scoring, but the Sixers center has tossed in more than his share of points over the years. Although he has never won a scoring title, Malone has finished in the top 10 in scoring six times, trailing only Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and George Gervin among active players. Here is a look at the active NBA players who have finished in the top 10 in scoring at least once in their careers, broken down by the number of times they have finished in slots one through 10.

Player, Team	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	T
K. Abdul-Jabbar, Lakers	2	3	3	2	0	2	0	1	0	0	13
George Gervin, Spurs	4	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	1	0	8
Bob McAdoo, Lakers	3	0	1	1	1	0	0	0	0	0	6
Moses Malone, Sixers	0	2	0	0	3	0	0	0	1	0	6
Adrian Dantley, Jazz	2	0	2	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	5
Alex English, Nuggets	1	0	0	2	1	0	0	0	0	1	5
World B. Free, Cavs	0	2	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	0	5
Bernard King, Knicks	1	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	1	1	4
Mark Aguirre, Mavs	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	1	0	0	3
Larry Bird, Celtics	0	1	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	3
Julius Erving, Sixers	0	0	0	1	1	0	1	0	0	0	3
Mike Mitchell, Spurs	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2	0	1	3
Terry Cummings, Bucks	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	2	3
Kiki Vandeweghe, Blazers	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2
Purvis Short, Warriors	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	1	2
Otis Birdsong, Nets	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	1	0	2
Walter Davis, Suns	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	1	2
Michael Jordan, Bulls	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Kelly Tripucka, Pistons	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Marques Johnson, Clippers	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1
Dominique Wilkins, Hawks	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1
Gus Williams, Bullets	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1
Artis Gilmore, Spurs	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Reggie Theus, Kings	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	1
Joe B. Carroll, Warriors	0	0	0	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	1

By Dave Brown

OVER AND UNDER

NFL teams compiled a dreadful 39-159 (.197) record in games in which they were held under 20 points. Teams scoring 20 or more points in a game were 184-64-2 (.740). Listed below is each team's record for games in which they scored fewer than 20 points and more than 20 points.

AFC East	Under 20	20 or More	NFC East	Under 20	20 or More
Miami Dolphins	0-0	14-2	Washington Redskins	0-3	11-2
New England Patriots	2-6	7-1	New York Giants	4-6	5-1
New York Jets	1-5	6-4	St. Louis Cardinals	1-3	8-4
Indianapolis Colts	2-11	2-1	Dallas Cowboys	0-4	9-3
Buffalo Bills	1-11	1-3	Philadelphia Eagles	3-7	3-2-1
AFC Central	Under 20	20 or More	NFC Central	Under 20	20 or More
Pittsburgh Steelers	1-3	8-4	Chicago Bears	4-5	6-1
Cincinnati Bengals	2-6	6-2	Green Bay Packers	0-4	8-4
Cleveland Browns	1-9	4-2	Tampa Bay Buccaneers	0-7	6-3
Houston Oilers	1-10	2-3	Detroit Lions	2-8	2-3-1
AFC West	Under 20	20 or More	Minnesota Vikings <td>0-10</td> <td>3-3</td>	0-10	3-3
Denver Broncos	4-2	9-1	NFC West	Under 20	20 or More
Seattle Seahawks	1-3	11-1	San Francisco 49ers	2-1	13-0
Los Angeles Raiders	1-5	10-0	Los Angeles Rams	1-5	9-1
Kansas City Chiefs	2-6	6-2	New Orleans Saints	4-4	3-5
San Diego Chargers	0-5	7-4	Atlanta Falcons	0-10	4-2
By Jerry Tapp					

By Jerry Tapp

REBOUNDERS AND PLAYMAKERS

Players who collect a lot of rebounds and assists are few and far between in the NBA. In fact, only nine active players have had seasons in which they averaged more than 5.5 rebounds and 5.5 assists per game. Here is a list of the players who have accomplished this feat, ranked according to the number in either category which the player's stats in both categories equaled or bettered that season. (Minimum 60 games)

Rank	Player, Team	Season	G	Reb.	Asst.	Reb./G	Asst./G
1.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	1981-82	78	751	743	9.6	9.5
2.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	1982-83	79	683	829	8.6	10.5
3.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	1983-84	67	491	875	7.3	13.1
4.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	1979-80	77	596	563	7.7	7.3
5.	Michael Ray Richardson, Knicks	1980-81	79	545	627	6.9	7.9
6.	Michael Ray Richardson, Knicks	1981-82	82	565	572	6.9	7.0
7.	Larry Bird, Celtics	1984-85	80	842	531	10.5	6.6
8.	Larry Bird, Celtics	1983-84	79	796	520	10.1	6.6
	Michael Ray Richardson, Knicks	1979-80	82	539	832	6.6	10.1
10.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	1984-85	77	476	968	6.2	12.6
11.	Michael Jordan, Bulls	1984-85	82	534	481	6.5	5.9
12.	Larry Bird, Celtics	1982-83	79	870	458	11.0	5.8
13.	Larry Bird, Celtics	1981-82	77	837	447	10.9	5.8
14.	Michael Ray Richardson, Nets	1984-85	82	457	669	5.6	8.2

By Dave Brown

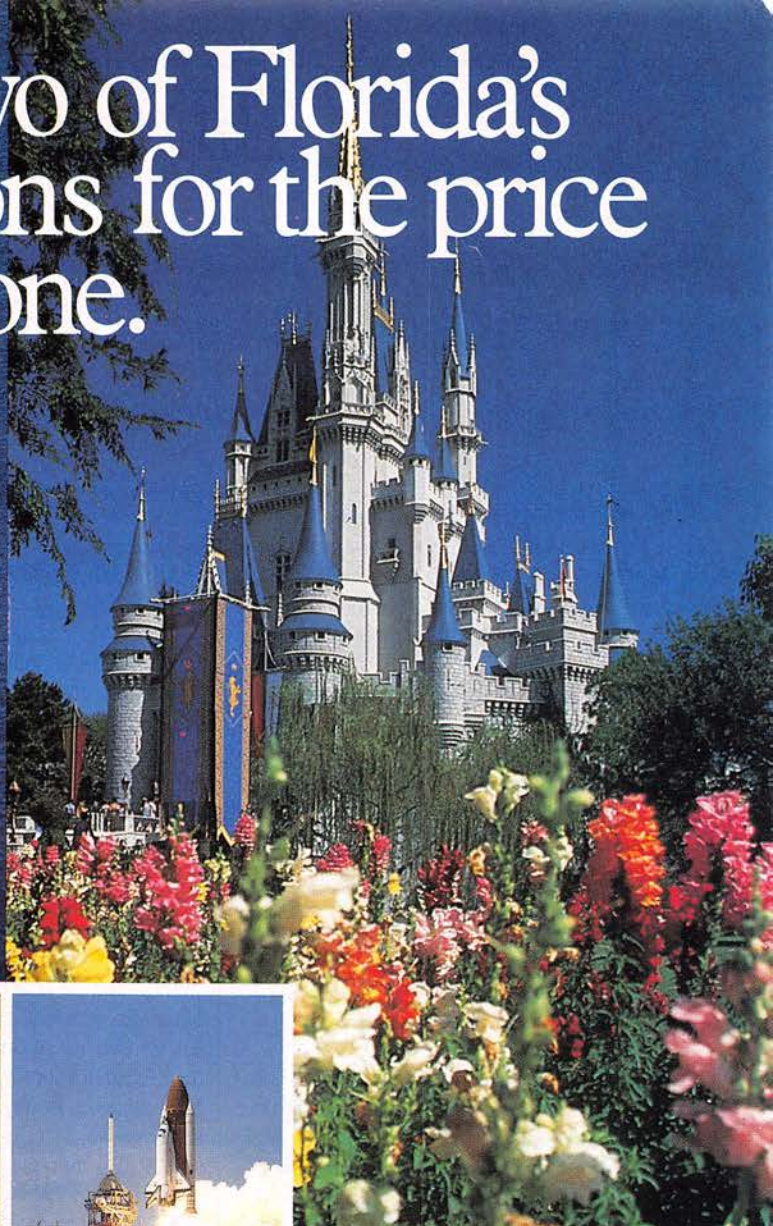
VERSATILE SHOOTERS

The statistics show that the Clippers' James Donaldson was the NBA's best field goal shooter last season, and the Suns' Kyle Macy was the game's best free throw shooter, but who was the best *all-around* shooter? Here is a way to answer the question. The 149 players who played 1,500 or more minutes during the 1984-85 season are ranked from top to bottom in field goal and free throw percentage, and, in turn, assigned a percentile ranking to show how they stack up against their peers (e.g., Magic Johnson was the 10th best field goal shooter out of 149 players: He was better than 94% of the rest of the league from the field). Each player's two percentiles are then averaged to give one figure reflecting his field goal and free throw shooting abilities. The results leave no doubt as to who the NBA's premier all-around shooter was last year: the Sixers' unsung guard, Mo Cheeks. Here are the leaders in this category.

Rank	Player, Team	FG Pct.	Rank	Percentile	FT Pct.	Rank	Percentile	Average Percentile
1.	Mo Cheeks, Sixers	.570	9	95	.879	7	96	95.5
2.	Kiki Vandeweghe, Trail Blazers	.534	27	82	.896	2	99	90.5
3.	Magic Johnson, Lakers	.561	10	94	.843	27	82	88.0
4.	Bobby Jones, Sixers	.538	23	85	.861	18	89	87.0
5.	Larry Bird, Celtics	.522	36	76	.882	6	97	86.5
6.	Danny Ainge, Celtics	.529	33	78	.868	12	93	85.5
7.	Alvan Adams, Suns	.520	39	74	.883	5	97	85.5
8.	Jerry Sichting, Pacers	.521	38	75	.875	9	95	85.0
9.	Brad Davis, Mavericks	.505	57	62	.888	3	99	80.5
	Byron Scott, Lakers	.539	20	87	.820	39	74	80.5
11.	Michael Jordan, Bulls	.515	44	71	.845	24	84	77.5
12.	Calvin Natt, Nuggets	.546	15	91	.793	62	59	75.0
	Orlando Woolridge, Bulls	.554	12	93	.785	65	57	75.0
14.	Alex English, Nuggets	.518	42	72	.829	35	77	74.5
15.	Adrian Dantley, Jazz	.531	28	82	.804	51	66	74.0
	George Gervin, Spurs	.508	53	65	.844	26	83	74.0

By Dave Brown

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THE GOOD DOCTOR

My main interest is auto racing, but you never mention it. So far this year I have been to the Indy 500, the Daytona 500, and the Long Beach Grand Prix, but you have neglected to print the results of these or any other races. For shame.

A.J., CARBONDALE, ILLINOIS
Funny, but just last week I attended the Fortune 400, the richest auto race in the world. Every car in the race was a stretch limo. The winners were Mr. and Mrs. Garry and Muffy Trudeau of Doonesbury, Conn., and Palm Beach, Fla.

Can you tell me where Mad Max's restaurant is in Pontiac, Michigan?

T.T., BARTERTOWN, AUSTRALIA
Just beyond Silverdome.

Jim Brown kept saying last year that Franco Harris didn't deserve to break his records and that he was going to come out of retirement and play football. So what happened?

E.D., SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
Jim Brown now says he is disgusted by Tom Seaver getting 300 wins and intends to do some pitching next season to show how it should be done.

What was golfer Craig Stadler's favorite Beatles song?

Y.O., NEW YORK, NEW YORK
"I Am the Walrus."

Rubbers are 60 feet, 6 inches away from home plate—any idiot knows that. But why? Why don't pitchers stand 60 feet away? Or 61 feet? Or 65? Why the six inches?

R.R., BURLEY, IDAHO
According to baseball records, Abner Doubleday got drunk with Ty Cobb one night, took a pitcher of beer onto a baseball field, fell down face first and told Cobb: "Put the pitcher here." An assistant of Doubleday's misunderstood, and thus a baseball ground rule was born.

That guy Dieter Brock who played quarterback for the Los Angeles Rams this season, can you tell me something about him

and why the poor guy is dieting? What is his real first name?

M.G., BOYNTON BEACH, FLORIDA
Every chance he could get away from the Dodgers, first baseman Greg Brock drove out to Anaheim, pulled on a helmet and called signals for the Rams. Needing the extra speed to give him more mobility at quarterback, Brock went on a special diet consisting only of cream of Gatorade soup. Teammates made fun of him and gave him the nickname Dieter.

Any meetings coming up in the near future between Mary Decker Slaney and Zola Budd?

A.P., PIERRE, SOUTH DAKOTA
Slaney, now wrestling as The Mad Tumbler, will go two out of three falls—no time limit, no disqualifications—with Tripper Budd and her manager, Bobby (the Brain) Heenan, at the Fargo (N.D.) Civic Auditorium on February 29. Be there!

Who is that dude on ESPN who is always sticking all the baseball players with stupid nicknames?

G.G., BRISTOL, CONNECTICUT
You must mean Chris (Shelley) Berman.

Pete Rose's pursuit of Ty Cobb created a lot of renewed interest in Cobb's life and times. Can you tell me what you remember about him?

G.P., SAVANNAH, GEORGIA
I first met Cobb at a party held in his honor. He got drunk, poured two shots of scotch into a glass, shattered the glass with a baseball bat, and called it hitting a double. Later he ran across the room and slid hard into a punch bowl, referring to this as spiking the punch. Cobb sure was a funny guy.

In the Toronto baseball team's clubhouse and training room, is it true the team physician is able to leap from patient to patient with grace and style, but that his fee keeps going higher and higher?

R. L., MILWAUKEE, WISCONSIN
Well, that's what they say about Dr. Jay.

Fishing should be right up your line. What is the biggest salmon you have ever seen caught, and who caught it?

D.R., GARY, INDIANA
More than 25,000 people caught Salmon Dave in 1973 at Detroit's Coho Hall.

How many times has Dave Kingman struck out in his illustrious career?

O.A., PASSAIC, NEW JERSEY
With the press, every day.

Do you have any idea as to where Carlton Fisk found all that home run power during the baseball season? What got into that guy?

R.H., NORWOOD, MASSACHUSETTS
I don't know, but if Ron Kittle and Harold Baines had kept doing it, the White Sox would have hit more home runs than the '27 Yankees.

Doug Flutie doesn't seem to be the No. 1 quarterback of his football team anymore. What's going to happen to him next?

J.K., HOUSTON, TEXAS
Word is, he may re-apply for eligibility at Boston College, whose football team, by the way, could still beat the Patriots.

I understand that track man Carl Lewis wants to be another Michael Jackson. How can he possibly compare?

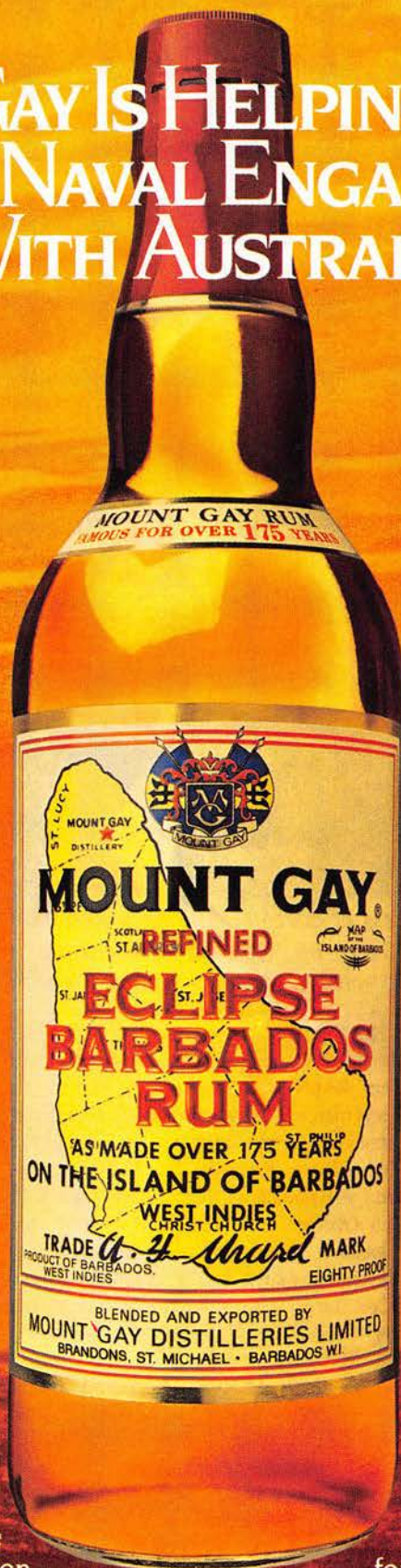
P., MINNEAPOLIS, MINNESOTA
Lewis has perfected the "moon run," in which he runs the 100-meter dash backward.

Just how good a player is Manute Bol going to be for Washington this season?

J.G., RICHMOND, VIRGINIA
I don't know for sure, but he sure will look great flashing down the ice, swinging that stick, controlling the puck, maybe even straddling the goal as he goes over it.

In a fever to know what really goes on in the world of sports? Will you feel awful until you find out? Send for a diagnosis to: The Good Doctor, 1020 Church Street, Evanston, Illinois, 60201—then wait patiently.

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THE FAN

By JOHN FORSYTHE

The Derby Would Be My Oscar

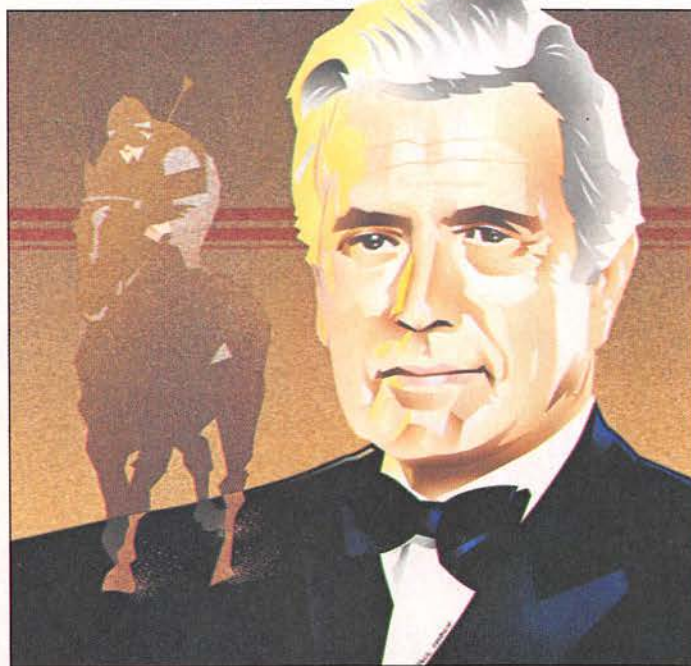
MY GREATEST JOY IS breeding and racing horses. To see a horse that you've bred running on the racetrack is the equivalent of seeing your son in the Olympics. The excitement of that moment is unrivaled—especially when your horse does well.

I had that moment with Hot Property, a brood mare I bought from trainer Joe Manzi. This horse won four races for me, but winning that first one was pure exhilaration. It was a mile race at Santa Anita. I don't remember the last 100 yards of the race, because my horse was in the lead. I don't even remember going down to the winner's circle.

Since then racing has been very good to me, but I was a late bloomer at the racetrack. I didn't know much about it. I think the first time I went to the races was 28 years ago. I was not a young man—I'm 67 now. I went with film director Martin Ritt to Hollywood Park, bet on the daily double, and won. That was a mistake. I thought, "What a game, what an easy game."

I've always loved the horses, ever since I was put on a merry-go-round at a seaside resort when I was young, and I saw those snorting stallions going up and down and around. I was always on a carousel because we lived near the ocean in Cape May, N.J., but I haven't caught the brass ring yet.

As for my luck at the track after that glorious introduction, I am pretty much like everyone else—I win some and lose some. I think the most prophetic thing anyone ever said was what trainer John Gaver once said: "When I became a trainer I figured I wasn't going to win them all, but I knew I wasn't going to lose them all either." That's the philosophy I've adopted.



'My business is extremely stressful, and the racetrack is an outlet for me. It's good to be involved in a new aspect of life, something totally removed from "Dynasty."'

Hot Property really came through for me. She won about \$182,000. After that I got more deeply involved. I bought four to five brood mares—I name all of them after things connected to my business: Hot Property, Might Boom, Runaway Hit, Dolly's Shot—and I also bought a horse in conjunction with Ken Opstein, who had Gate Dancer, the Preakness winner last year. We had one of the better mares in the country, a mare called Targa, who won five or six stakes worth \$350,000. Now she's a brood mare, and we've had very good luck with her.

The major excitement of breeding is planned parenthood. I do all the booking. Because I've studied pedigrees in the last 25 years, I pick the breeding partner. Money isn't the impetus here. Certainly you have to be a good businessman and run your breeding operation like a business enterprise. But most people are in it just to breed an outstanding horse. And that's not an easy thing to do—very few people have done it.

So, while racing, with its pageantry and excitement of the afternoon, is tremendous, my special love is being around the barns, on the backside, when horses are working out

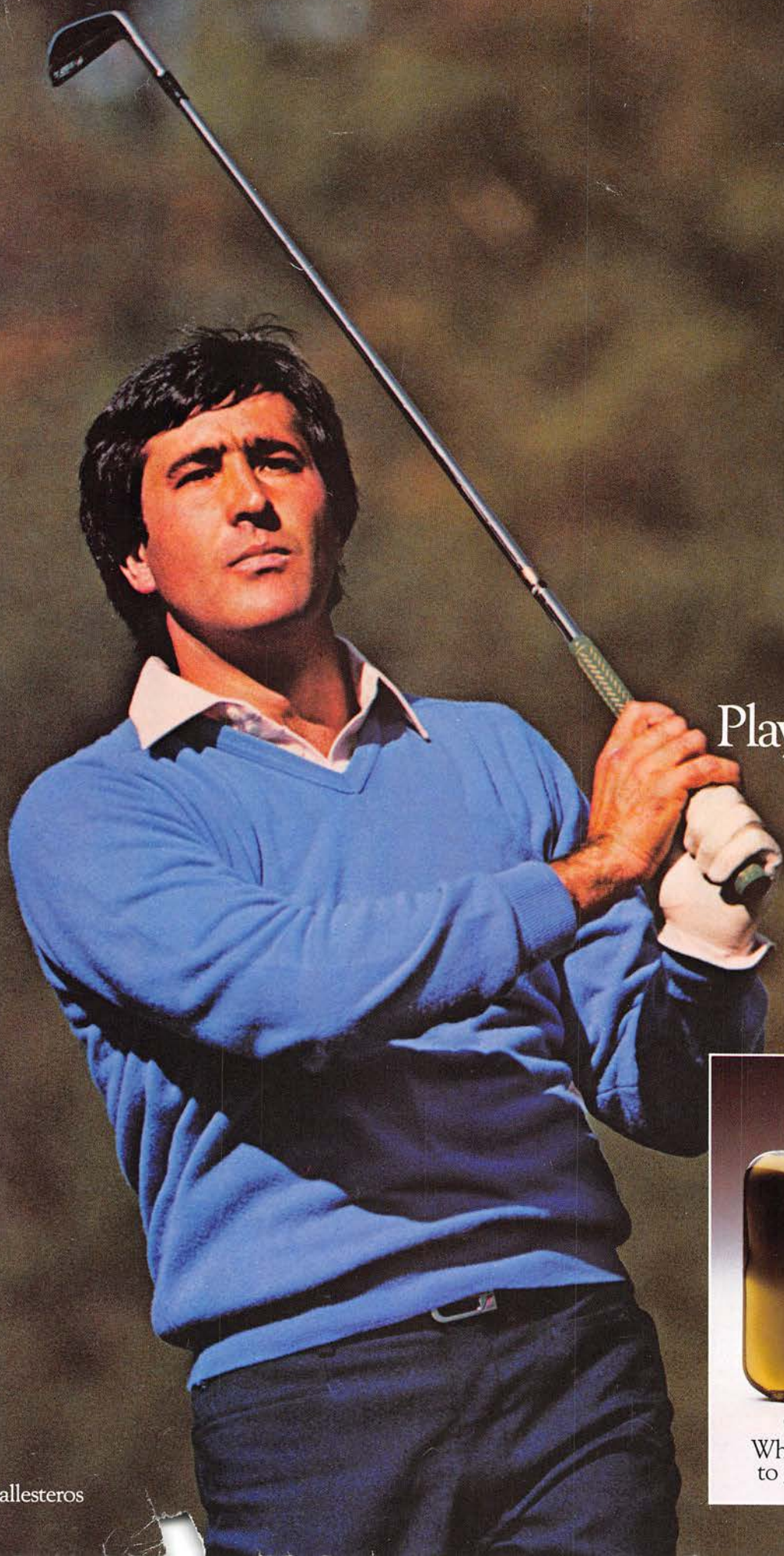
early in the morning. That's a life that appeals to me a great deal. The trainers are nice to me, and not just because I'm an owner. Racetrack people are dead honest. They're all very individualistic guys, and all highly colorful. They're a whole new adjunct to my life. My business is extremely stressful, and the racetrack is an outlet for me. To be involved in something totally removed, something that takes my mind completely off "Dynasty," motion pictures, and television, enables me to enjoy a whole other aspect of life with a whole new group of people, wonderful people I would never have known if not for horse racing.

Consequently, I've become very involved, and the racetrack is a vital part of my life now. I'm on the board of directors at Hollywood Park; I emcee the Eclipse Awards,

which are thoroughbred racing's Oscars. I help out with racetrack charities. I do all this for no money—I do it simply because I love it. I feel a great kinship with the little people of horse racing.

Now I take my granddaughter to the track, and she gets a big kick out of it. I introduced her to John Henry the other day, and when I told her that he had won \$6 million her eyes lit up. I'm not thinking of matching that, but I have 16 horses right now, and I have some young ones that are my hope for the future. I hope some day to breed a top horse, and as I've said more than once, I would much rather win the Kentucky Derby than win an Oscar. I mean that. It's such a tremendous achievement. While I don't denigrate what winning an Oscar means—that too is an achievement because your peers vote for you—it's a near impossibility to breed a great horse. That's the thrill, searching for the Holy Grail. ■

JOHN FORSYTHE has played hundreds of memorable parts both in films and on TV. He's now in the stretch of his career with his role on the popular show 'Dynasty.'



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